

DEVIANT

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

395

ISSUE 71



BOUND & GAGGED

ZEUS BREAKS 'EM IN RIGHT AND THIS ONE'S A HUNK

rites of ENDURANCE

MARK I CHESTER PHOTOGRAPHY/KIRBY CONGDON PROSE

BEAUTY'S PUNISHMENT

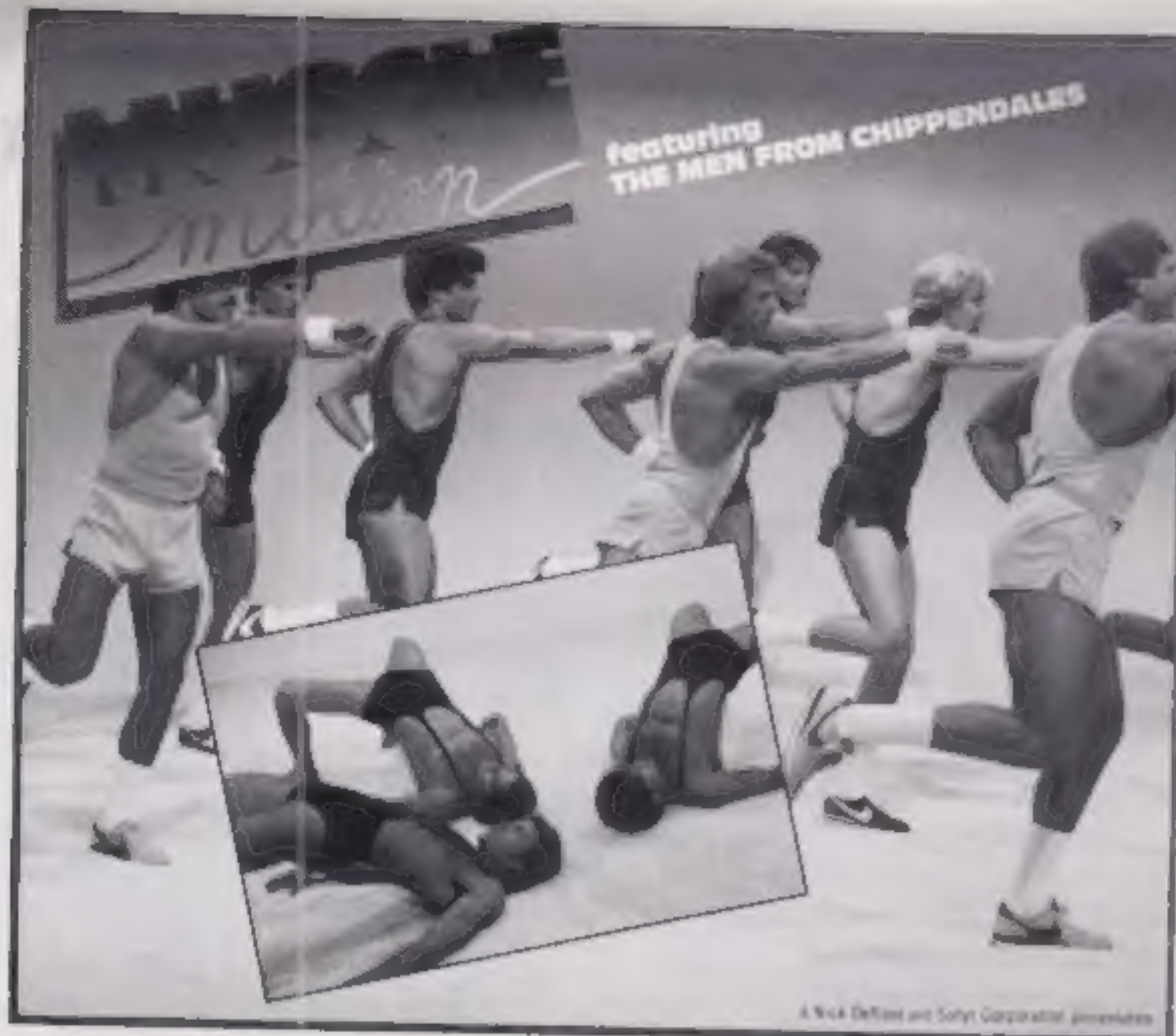
FICTION BY A. N. ROQUELAURE/ILLUSTRATED BY OLAF

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR INITIATION

AN ELECTRIFYING DRUMMER EXCLUSIVE!

THE JOYS OF SELF-ABUSE

ROBERT PAYNE SHOWS YOU A NEW PHENOMENON: THE J/O ARMIES



MUSCLE MOTION

There is nothing like the Chippendale Men, and there has never been an experience like *MUSCLE MOTION*, a unique video cassette created by the most famous male strippers in America. Structured as a series of aerobic exercises featuring one or more of the hot Chippendale Men, *MUSCLE MOTION* will put you through your paces as you watch these handsome, muscular, athletic guys work up one sweat after another. The single most erotic look at exercise ever filmed, *MUSCLE MOTION* will become the most watched cassette in your video library.

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FALCONHEAD

Michael Zen's mystical and sensual tale of what happens to a number of men who come together under the power of the Falconhead and his mirror of lust. One of the finest, most creative gay films ever made. Starting Joe Dietrich, Adrian Wade, and introducing the powerful, menacing Dante. Plus an award-winning short film, *Tattoo*, that explores the mystique and pain of body decoration.

VHS/BETA **79⁹⁵**

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover and Opposite Page: Elias, Drummer's Lebanese leatherman, captured in a couple of uncompromising positions. Photos by Jim Wigler.

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GETTING OFF

TELL IT TO THE MARINES

There was a flap around Christmas time about a gay bar in North Hollywood collecting Toys For Tots to feed to the U.S. Marine's annual P.R. campaign. It seems that the chickenshit Marine Corps was afraid to pull a couple of their boys off Hollywood Boulevard long enough to go out to the bar and pick up whatever the faggots had collected. CBS-TV in L.A. picked up the story and named the U.S. Marine Corps "Turkey of the Year."

This is the same Marine Corps that open-handedly accepted toys from the Hell's Angels and made a big publicity flap when it did so. And the same Marine Corps that Harry Truman said had a publicity department bigger than some nation's armies.

But our beef is not with the assholes in the Marine hierarchy. Again we ask, why do gay men suck up to straight charities like these? These organizations can draw from the entire population and do, in the millions of dollars. But gay charities, or pro-gay groups like the ACLU, go begging and have no one but gays to draw from. I remember being at an annual function in Miami given by a leather bar there where there was an ACLU booth with a notice that they did not have enough money to even send a representative to interview a man held in a Florida prison simply because he was gay. Yet another bar was proud it had raised over \$10,000 each year for some non-gay charity.

Any gays "Uncle Tomming" it with any straight charities, when gay people and gay causes are in such need, deserve what they get, no matter how well-intentioned their efforts.

And boy, is that particularly true with the big upcoming annual Gay Rodeo in Reno, Nevada.

John H. Embry

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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

HOT STUFF!

Hello men!

Your latest issue (*Drummer* 70) has THE BEST photos yet, on the cover and inside, by Jim Wigler of that hot muscleman. I really like that photo of him in leather harness and jock advertising the Compound Tapes—let's have more of this type of guy! He certainly started things swelling between my thighs.

Also, that was a sensational story and drawing by the Hun ("Interrogation") in issue 68. Let's have more!!

Hope you don't mind this quick scribble—in a rush, but wanted to make sure I thanked you. Keep it up—and I'll keep mine up! Hot stuff!

Tom
San Francisco, CA

THE DEBUT OF BRUTUS

Who in the hell is your coverman on the "1984" issue (*Drummer* 70)? Where has he been all our lives? I would swear I had seen that face and torso also done up as Mr. Law and Order in a Colt film some time back. Can't remember the name of it. He is phenomenal. Are we going to see any more of him?

You have a similar type in the back of the same issue advertising the Compound Tapes. Are they one and the same? What is his name? Where is he? Give us more. He can be my D.I. or arrest me any time he wants. Is he really the guy on the recording?

ALG
Boston, MA

(Editor's note: Our coverman last issue was Brutus, who indeed is the man in the ad for the new Compound Tape series. He has just finished his first tape called "The Interrogation," and comes on strong as his photographs would indicate. Brutus did indeed do a film for Colt Studios entitled "Hot Cop." His photographs are available from Manhunt Studios, and the tape is from The Compound. You will undoubtedly be seeing a lot more of Brutus.)

HAIRY BONDAGE

I just got your latest issue (*Drummer* 69) and wanted to send you a note of thanks. The article on *Inferno XII* was good, and the pics were great. The hairy, humpy photos on pages 14 and 20 were worth the price of the whole magazine! I'm wearing out page 20, as every time I pick up the mag I check to see if that hairy hunk is still tied up!

How about doing an article on hairy men sometime? Keep up the good work.

R.H.
Louisiana



(Editor's note: Your naked enthusiasm set us to looking through our *Inferno* photo files—and sure enough, we came up with a second, never-before-seen shot of that hairy hunk on page 20. And yes, he's still tied up. Photo by Zeus.)

BALD INSPIRATION

I had never seen your magazine until a few months ago, when I moved to New York from the Midwest looking for excitement and work. As a young, naive 25-year-old, I accepted part-time work tending bar and shortly after met this handsome guy who invited me home with him. It was at his apartment that I discovered your incredible magazine.

I was swiftly excited, especially by letters and articles on body shaving, and subsequently found by body covered with warm shaving cream. Despite my initial fears and objections, my erect shaft revealed my excitement, and before I could change my mind I felt the razor begin to remove the coarse dark hair from my legs.

In what must have been record time, this guy expertly removed the thick hair from my chest, armpits and arms, saving my hairy bush and balls for the grand finale. I was quickly turned over so he

could complete the shave of my legs, back and ass, and only then was I to see my freshly shaven body for the first time.

I was silently staring at myself in the mirror when he came in carrying electric barber's clippers. Having already decided that I liked my new clean look, I agreed to having my head shaved bald. After the clippers had done the initial job, my head was lathered and the razor removed all that was left, revealing a smooth shiny head, which left only my heavy mustache as a reminder of my hairy past. With my head and body shaved, I returned to work expecting to be fired and was delighted to discover what a turn-on I became! Thank you, *Drummer*, for your great ideas: I'm sure I will discover more in the months ahead.

J. Miller
New York, NY

SUCCESSFUL INTERROGATION

Even though *Drummer* is the standard for excellence for America's gay magazines, some of the material in the last couple of issues have given new meaning to the word "excellent."

The Hun's story "Interrogation" (*Drummer* 68) has to be one of the hottest, most exciting stories *Drummer* has run in quite some time. That story is classic J/O material if ever there was any! The Hun illustration accompanying the story is priceless and an absolute classic. I'm glad to see that The Hun is back; please, let's have more of his work in *Drummer* soon.

I also very much enjoyed "The Perfect Man" by Roy F. Wood in the same issue (that sheriff reminded me of a local deputy sheriff I know) and the photo spread by Jim Moss, "Fucking Off at the New *Drummer* Offices," but for me, the workout Sergeant Murphy gave Sig in "Interrogation" was the highlight of *Drummer* 68.

"Crown of Thorns" by Aaron Travis in *Drummer* 69 continued this trend of excellence. Travis has always been one of my favorite writers, and this one (set in Turkey, no less) has to be one of his very best efforts. I really got into the SM relationship between Eric and Rezi. Again, please let's have more of this author's brand of hot fiction.

I realize that it's a lot of hard work to put out *Drummer* every month; this is just to let you know that your efforts are not in vain and are appreciated. Keep it up!

F.J.
Texas

Send letters to MALECALL/Dear Sir,
DRUMMER, 964 Folsom St., San Francisco,
CA 94107.

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uh



ILLUSTRATION FOR DRUMMER BY HARRY BUSH

DRUMMER INVESTIGATES AND INSTIGATES THE J/O PHENOMENON
IN ANOTHER "JOYS OF SELF-ABUSE." KEEP GOING →

DRUMMER 7



The Joys of





Self-Abuse

Text: Robert Payne Photography: Jim Wigler



Photo by Steve Soderby



Imagine, if you will, The Rockettes at Radio City Music Hall in New York City, kicking high across the giant stage in front of all that kitsch. Now change the location to San Francisco (or keep it in New York if you insist), and while you're imagining, make the Rockettes all men and, instead of kicking high, they would have their cocks out and be essentially nude and beating off. Would you go to see the

show, dear reader? No matter how bad the G-rated movie playing with it?

This little attempt at *Let's Pretend* isn't as unlikely as it sounds, although we doubt it's taking place at Radio City Music Hall. Try *Animals* on Sixth Street in San Francisco instead, at an invitational gathering this month organized for DRUMMER for the express purpose of finding out what the great J/O pheno-

menon is all about. And boy, did we find out.

We cast our invitations to two of the better-known J/O clubs around. First, the San Francisco Jacks, with its hundred-plus members who meet weekly at the Cal-dron, and the more exclusive 5-H Club (Hung, Handsome, Hunky, Hot & Horny) who meet at the Academy.

Russ Culver and Bobby Belcher at





Animals graciously offered their facilities, which cover three stories embellished with excellent mural work, mirrors and various erotic equipment for just such carryings-on. DRUMMER brought three photographers, enough lights to give everyone a sunstroke, Lube (it turned out a true J/O aficionado prefers Albolene Creme), beer and a couple of choreographers, namely David Marcum and

Robert Payne. The result was an evening to remember.

I suppose none of us are truly amateurs at meat-beating, but some of these men have it down to a science. God knows they are equipped for the sport. Some of those big schlongs hung down halfway to their knees, and a few had balls in harness which brought said testicles down just as long as their dicks. They did a chorus line





for us. They sat in a perfect circle on the floor for a true circle jerk. They surrounded one of their members and beat off over him as in some ancient tribal ritual. Some of the bigger boys got their equipment together and knocked it around, somewhat akin to playing baseball using only bats. They pounded their own and they pounded each other's.

It has always been a theory of mine that

men should grope each other instead of shaking hands. It is so much more personal. History tells us that shaking hands comes from a time when men wished to show each other that they were unarmed and friendly. How much friendlier it is to grab a man's crotch and hold his balls. He may not be unarmed there, but it proves considerable trust. And the response can be far more heartwarming than a firm

handshake. The resulting firmness between his legs is the most sincere expression of all.

These J/O men were sharing with one another the intimate things they do in private with only themselves. And the tone of the evening reflected just that. They were using their equipment for the purpose for which it was intended, other than procreation or pissing.





Of course, sucking dick which is always been popular, has become a leading group effort with the aspect of the terrible AIDS plague. These men see it is a much safer release than other forms of sex and probably right type. There was a device called drags that made very little power use (hard on your neck) and even smoking was kept to a minimum since everybody's hands seemed to be

hot most of the time.

And the choices. Tell me about the camaxes Robert. It started with the jaw hanging in sheer enjoyment, then a under grooming, finally erupting in shouts of joy. An early rather sarcastic de coming set in full at Jekyll and served to want to be on the line, a multiple climax so each could have and give his share. It was Leatrice and we inspiring.

The relaxing was followed with a lot of teasing and carnal desire and a lot of best. Mary was the most powerful of all for me, but there are always other girls who rise to the occasion when it comes to sex.

We had a possibility that we would have a few more of the casting, a secret but not secret in place. But if we had a good party for a few more,







talk about



in mind

ROCCO DE NEGA

PHOTOS BY ZEUS

BOUND AND GAGGED









Add the Love Chair (probably the most useful seating design ever executed) and you've got instant rack. Seal the windows and even the neighborhood owl won't know what delightful atrocities occur under your crossbeams

We can't imagine a better subject for attic torture than Rocco De Vega, an Italian piece with eyes that just beg for a little abuse, and at least one open orifice that actually pouts if it isn't plugged once a day. Look, you can see it pouting now...



KNIGHTS INITIATION TEMPLAR

PHOTOS
BY JAKE GRAY

If the name Knights Templar sounds vaguely familiar, it's probably because you heard the term in high school history class—an order of knights founded in the twelfth century with the purpose of guarding pilgrims on the Second Crusade, whose power, prestige and





numbers spread throughout Europe until the group was violently suppressed in the 1300s. What they probably didn't tell you in history class were the kind of charges that were levelled at the Knights Templar when the Pope and the King of France decided they'd gotten too big—insinuations of strange practices behind locked doors, whispers of exotic homosexual initiation rites and phallic worship.

Historians differ over whether such accusations had a basis in fact, or were just a cynical political ploy to exploit homophobic hysteria, but the image of the Knights Templar as a closed society of men united by rituals of the flesh has continued over the centuries until it has acquired a legendary status. It makes sense, then, that a newly-formed group of leathermen, headquartered in San Francisco, have chosen to identify themselves as the Knights Templar. Based on our own observations at one of the group's recent monthly events, the new Knights Templar may become legendary themselves one day.

Best described as a private men's SM club, the Knights Templar congregate to share the use of a well-equipped dungeon stocked with an amazing collection of unusual and sometimes unique SM devices. These events may be freewheeling, but certainly don't constitute a free-for-all, because along with the pleasure and pain, the Knights Templar put a



strong emphasis on the practice of safe and sane SM techniques, demonstrating proper methods of restraint, safe application of various devices, etc., and a primary goal is a further extension into continuing education on safe and sane SM.

Like their notorious forebears, the modern Knights Templar are also likely to become known for their initiations. The pictures reproduced on these pages were taken at the order's first initiation ceremony. The prospective Knights were first stripped naked for inspection, then transported, hooded and bound, to a private dungeon located in San Francisco's South of Market district. There, among other things, they were subjected to heavy-duty bondage and restraint, disciplined with paddles and whips, and introduced to the art of body piercing and application of numerous esoteric electrical devices.

The Knights Templar welcomes new applicants, who must first pass through the club's screening procedure (which includes sponsorship by a member in good standing) before eventual acceptance and initiation into the order. If, after surveying the scenes depicted here, you think you have what it takes, and if your own approach to SM is safe and sane, you can initiate contact with the Knights Templar by addressing a letter of inquiry to: Knights Templar, 39 Moss Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. □



DRUMSTICKS



and stop calling me 'babycakes' in here'

Feel the Body Electric

Franklin's electrified kite flew high
 With zapped balls you flew higher
 A firm, loving hand guides you
 Vo! by volt into the unknown
 Squirmingly testing for a possible limit
 Everything before was just a prelude
 Angelo Camelli



That's MISS Howling Dog to you, Pig Scum."



'Promise me that when I'm gone you won't jump on a bus and head for Miami with Dustin Hoffman

BEAUTY'S PUNISHMENT

BONUS BOOK SECTION



AN EXCERPT FROM THE SEQUEL TO *THE CLAIMING OF SLEEPING BEAUTY*

by **A.N. ROQUELAURE**

In *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, published last year, A.N. Roquelaure reworked an innocent fable into a more complex story—a tale depicting a strong, independent woman, capable of real history, living a life by her own and caring to see how she is sent to a disturbing and distressing situation of life to serve. Their Masters are restrained by a world of passion, but are also devoted to the gratification of their most extreme fantasies.

This story continues in *Beauty's Punishment*. In the excerpts that follow, Beauty herself is absent. Instead we follow the fortunes of Prince Estar, a young man, once the prisoner of the Queen, who is now expected to the castle to serve a term of punishment in the village. There he is adopted by a noble lord, Nicolas, the Queen's Chancellor, a powerful man with a shocking white hair and icy blue eyes, a star of darkness at the very center.

First broken in as a pony—harnessed to the carriage of his new Master and Mistress and fitted with a horse tail—Beauty is taken to a country estate of Master Nicolas...

Copyright © 1984 by A.N. Roquelaure. *Beauty's Punishment* will be published by E.P. Dutton, April 1985.

The Farm and Stable

At once several naked male slaves advanced towards us. I could hear the coach creaking as the Master and Mistress were helped down. And these slaves, all very darkly browned by the sun, their shaggy hair sunbleached and gleaming, commenced to unharness us, slipping the immense phallus out of my buttocks and leaving it tethered to the equipage. I let go of the cruel bit with a gasp. I felt emptied like a sack, light and without will.

Two roughly dressed youths appeared, both with long flat wooden sticks in their hands, and I followed the other ponies along a narrow path to a low building that was obviously a stable.

At once we were bent over a huge wooden beam at the waist, our cocks pressed down by the wood, and made to grasp with our teeth leather rings that hung from another such rough bar before us. I had to strain to catch the thing in my teeth, the beam against my belly biting into the flesh, and once I did, my feet almost left the ground. My arms were still laced behind my back so I couldn't have caught myself. But I didn't fall. I held fast to the soft leather of the ring like the others. And when I felt the splash of warm water all over my aching backside and legs I was grateful for it.

Nothing had ever felt so delicious, I thought. That is, until I was dried all over and the oil was rubbed into my muscles. This was ecstasy, even as I stretched my neck so torturously. It did not matter much that the shaggy haired sunbrowned slaves were so rough and quick, their fingers pressing forcefully at the welts and lacerations. I heard grunts and groans all around, as much from pleasure as from the biting of the ring. Our shoes were removed, and my burning feet were oiled and they tingled exquisitely.

Then we were pulled up, and spanked hard with the flat wooden slats to yet another beam over which we must lean in the same manner to lap our food from an open trough, just as if we were in fact ponies.

Greedy the slaves ate. I struggled to overcome the pure mortification of the image. But my face was pressed into the stew. The taste was rich and good. The tears standing in my eyes again. I lapped as sloppily as the others, one of the groom slaves lifting my hair and stroking it almost lovingly. I realized he was stroking me just as one might a beautiful horse. In fact, he was patting my rump. The mortification shot through me again, my cock pushing against the beam that held it bent down towards



Illustration: Olu

the earth and my balls feeling mercilessly heavy.

When I could eat no more, a bowl of milk was held for me to lap, and pushed into my face again and again as I hurriedly tried to empty it. By the time I had lapped this up, and had some cool fresh spring water, all the painful fatigue in my legs had melted. What was left was the throb of the welts and that feeling that my buttocks were frightfully enormous and scarlet with lash marks and that my anus gaped for the phallus that had widened it.

But all the ponies were the same. How could they not be? And I was merely one of six, arms tightly laced as the others.

My head was lifted, and another soft leather ring with a long leather lead attached was forced into my mouth. I bit down and was pulled up and back away from the trough by it. All the ponies were being pulled up in the same manner, and now they ran ahead struggling after a dark skinned slave who tugged us by the leads towards the orchard.

We trotted fast, pulled with hard humiliating tugs, groaning and grunting as our feet crushed the grass beneath us. Now our arms were being unbound.

I was taken by the hair, the ring removed from my mouth, and pushed down on my hands and knees. The branches of the trees

spread out above making a green shade from the sun and I saw the beautiful burgandy velvet of the Mistress' dress beside me.

She took me by the hair, just as the groom slave had done and lifted my head so that for one second I looked directly at her. Her small face was very white and her eyes were a deep grey with the same dark center I saw in the Master's eyes, but at once I looked down, my heart thudding in fear of her correction.

"Do you have a soft mouth, Prince?" she asked. I knew I was not to speak, and confused by her question I shook my head gently. All around me the other ponies were busy at some task but I could not clearly see what they were doing. The Mistress pushed my face into the grass. I saw before me a ripe green apple. "A soft mouth will take that piece of fruit firmly in its teeth and deposit it there in the basket as the other slaves are doing and never leave the slightest teeth mark on it," she said.

As she let go my hair, I picked up the apple and, frantically searching for the basket, trotted forward and put the apple in it. The other slaves worked fast and I rushed to imitate their speed, seeing not only the Mistress' skirts and boots, but the Master as well standing not far from her. I went desperately at my task, finding another apple, and another and another, and becoming



Then softly I heard the slave next to me. "It's always so," he said sleepily. He stretched his neck, twisting his head so that his loose black hair fell down more freely... Like all the rest he had an obvious beauty. "One is made to satisfy the others," he said. "And when there is a new slave he is always the one. Other times it's chosen in various ways, but the one chosen must suffer."

anxious and frenzied when I could find no more

But quite suddenly another phallus was rammed dry into my anus and I was forced forward with such speed that surely a long rod was driving it. I was rushing after the others deeper into the orchard, the grass pricking my penis and balls, and once again I had an apple in my teeth, and the phallus stabbed me towards the waiting basket. I glimpsed a young man's worn boots behind me. And that gave some relief, that it was not the Master or Mistress.

I tried to find the next apple on my own, hoping the tool would be withdrawn, but I was tumbled forward by it, and could not reach the basket quickly enough. It drove me this way and that as I piled up the apples, until the basket was quite full and all the slaves in a little flock were being sent scampering to another stand of trees, and I was the only one driven by a phallus. My face burned at the thought that I alone required it, but no matter how I hurried it pushed me ruthlessly forward. The grass tortured my penis. It tortured the tender insides of my thighs, and even my throat, as I scouped up the apples. But nothing could stop me from trying to keep pace.

And when I saw the dim figures of the Master and Mistress quite far away, moving towards the manor house, I felt a flush of gratitude that they wouldn't see my difficulties. And I continued to work frantically.

Finally all the baskets were filled. We searched in vain for more of the apples. And I was pushed after the little group as we rose to our feet and started to trot again towards the stables, our arms folded behind our backs as if they'd been laced there. I thought the phallus would let me alone then, but it pierced me and drove me still, and I struggled to catch up with the others.

The sight of the stables filled me with dread, though I didn't know why.

We were whipped into a long haystrewn room, the hay feeling good under my feet, and then the other slaves were gathered up one by one and made to squat beneath a long thick beam some four feet above the ground and at least that many feet from the wall behind it. Each slave had his arms lashed around the beam, elbows pointing sharply forward. His legs were positioned wide and back at a low squat so that his cock and balls pained painfully. Each head was bowed beneath the beam, his face fallen in reddened faces. I waited, trembling, for the same, realizing that this had been done very fast, all five slaves tethered at once, and I had been spared. The fear in me blazed a little hotter.

But I was being forced to my hands and knees again and driven towards the first of the slaves, the one who had led the team, a powerfully built, blond haired slave who twisted and thrust out his hips as I approached, struggling it seemed for some comfort in the miserable squatting position.

At once I realized what I was to do, and absolute perplexity stopped me. I was so starved for the thick glistening cock before my face. But how the sucking of it would torture my own organ! I could only hope for mercy after. But as I opened my mouth, the groom pulled up on the phallus.

"Balls first," he said, "a good tongue bathing!"

The bound Prince groaned and rolled his hips towards me. I hastened to obey, my buttocks held up by the phallus, my own cock ready to burst. My tongue lapped at the soft, salty skin, lifting the balls and letting them slide out of my mouth, then lapping fast, trying to cover them all as the taste of the warm flesh and salt intoxicated me. The Prince wriggled and danced as I licked, his extraordinarily muscled legs flexing up and down as much as the space would allow. I mouthed all of the scrotum, sucking on it, nipping at it. And unable to wait any longer for the cock, I drew back and closed my lips on it, plunging to the nest of pubic hair in a fury of sucking. Back and forth I went until I realized the Prince was driving at his own rhythm. All I need do was hold my head still, the phallus burning into my anus as the cock slipped in and out of my lips, grazing my teeth, and I grew ever more delirious with the thickness of it, the smooth tip pumping against the roof of my mouth, my own hips pumping shamelessly now, grinding up and down in the same rhythm. But when it jumped and emptied into my throat there was no relief for my cock dancing in the empty air. I could only swallow the



sour, sa-ty fluid hungrily

At once I was pulled back. A dish of wine was given me to lap. Then I was marched to the next waiting Prince who was already struggling in the inevitable rhythm.

My jaws ached when I had finished the row

My throat ached. And my own cock could not have been any stiffer, any more eager. I was now at the mercy of the groom, and desperate for even a sign that I should know some relief from the torture

I was now bound to the beam, arms thrust over it, legs in the same awkward degrading squat. But there was no slave there to satisfy me. As the groom left us alone in the empty stable, I broke into soft muffled groans, my hips straining forward helplessly. The stable was quiet now.

The others must have slumbered. The late afternoon sun leaked like a vapor through the open door. I dreamed of relief in all its glorious forms, of Lord Stefan lying under me in that land long ago where we had been friends and lovers before either of us had ever come to this strange kingdom, of the Master's or the Mistress' hand touching me.

But this only made my torment worse. My balls felt pendulous and enormous.

Then softly I heard the slave next to me. "It's always so," he said sleepily. He stretched his neck, twisting his head so that his loose black hair fell down more freely. I could only see a little of his face. Like all the rest he had an obvious beauty. "One is made to satisfy the others," he said. "And when there is a new slave he is always the one. Other times it's chosen in various ways, but the one chosen must suffer."

"Yes, I see," I said miserably. It seemed he was slumbering again.

"What is our Mistress' name?" I pressed, thinking he might know, as surely this was not his first day.

"Mistress Julia is her name, but she's not my Mistress," he whispered softly. "Rest now. You need your rest, uncomfortable as it is, believe me."

"My name is Tristan," I said. "How long have you been here?"

"Two years," he said. "My name is Gerard. I tried to run away from the castle, and almost reached the border of the next kingdom. I would have been safe there. But when I was only an hour or less away, a band of peasants hunted me down and caught me. They never help an escaping slave. And I had stolen clothes from their cottage. They stripped me last enough and bound me hand and foot and brought me back and I was sentenced to three years in the village. The Queen never looked at me again."

I winced. Three years! And he had served two already!

"But would you really have been safe if you..."

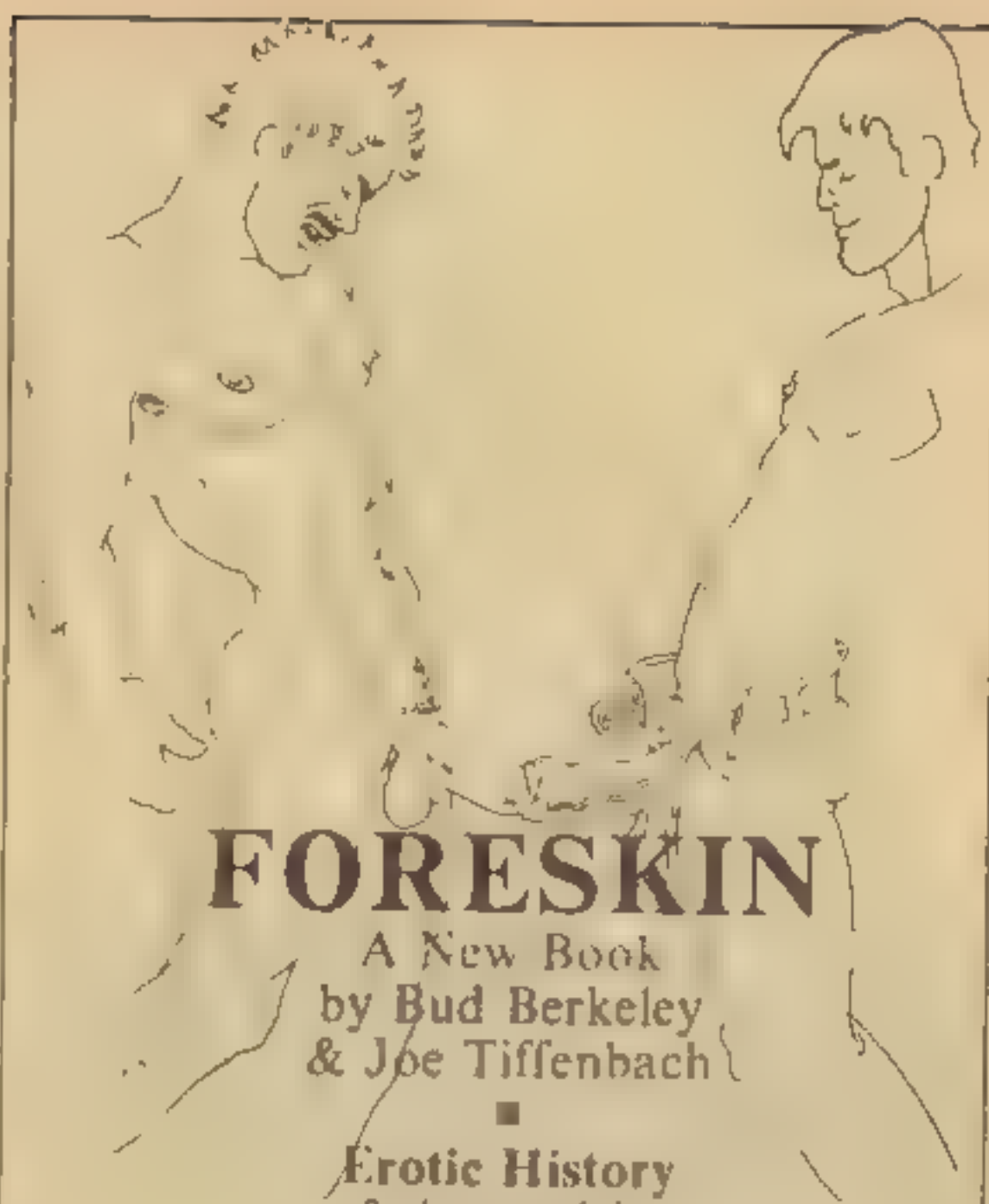
"Yes, but the great difficulty is reaching the border."

"And you weren't afraid that your parents... Didn't they send you to the Queen and tell you to obey?"

"I was too afraid of the Queen," he said. "And I wouldn't have gone home anyway."

"Have you tried since?"

No. He laughed softly under his breath. "I'm one of the best ponies in the village. I was sold right away to the public stables. I'm rented out every day by the rich Masters and Mistresses, though Master Nicolas and Mistress Julia rent me most often. I still hope for clemency from Her Majesty, that I'll be allowed back to the castle early, but if not, I won't weep. If I wasn't run hard every day I'd probably become anxious. Now and then I feel fretful and I kick or struggle, but a good thrashing quiets me down beautifully. My Master knows just when I need it; even if I've been good, he knows. I like pulling a handsome coach like your Master's coach, I like the shiny new harnesses and reins, and he swings a hard strap, that one, the Queen's Chronicle. You know he means it. Every now and then he'll stop and rub my hair, or give me a pinch, and I almost come on the spot. He declares his authority over my cock, too, lashing it and then laughing at it. I adore him. Once he had me pull a little basket cart on two wheels all by myself while he walked beside it. I hate the small carts, but with your Master, I tell you I almost lost my mind from the pride. It was so lovely..."



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Against the ramparts far to the right, giant wheels turned slowly, spread-eagled slaves going round and round, their enflamed thighs and buttocks targets for apple cores, peach stones and even raw eggs from the crowd, while several other slaves hobbled along at a squat behind their Masters, necks tethered by two short leather chains to their wide-spread knees...

"Why was it lovely?" I asked, mutely fascinated. I was trying to picture him, his long black hair, the hair of the horse's tail sprouting from the phallus in his anus, and the slender elegant figure of my Master walking beside him. All that lovely white hair in the sun, my Master's lean thoughtful face, those deep blue eyes.

"I don't know," he said. "I'm not much with words. I'm always proud when I am trotting. But I was all alone with him. We came out of the village for a twilight walk in the country. All the women were out at their gates to bid him good evening. And gentlemen passed coming home from a day of inspection at their farms to their lodgings in the village.

Every now and then your Master would lift my hair off the back of my neck and smooth it out. He'd tethered the rein good and high so my head was way back, and he gave me many a crack on the calves I didn't need just because he liked it. It was the most exhilarating feeling, trotting on the road, and hearing the crunch of his boots beside me. I didn't care if I ever saw the castle again. Or ever left the kingdom. He always asks for me, your Master. The other ponies are terrified of him. They come back to the stables with their buttocks raw and they say he whips them twice as much as anyone else, but I revere him. He does what he does well. And so do I. And so will you now that he's your Master.

I couldn't answer.

He didn't say any more after that. He soon fell asleep, and I squatted very still, my thighs aching, my cock miserable as before thinking of his little descriptions. It sent chills through me to listen to what he said, and yet I understood what he was saying.

It unnerved me, but it was undeniable. I understood it.

When they released us and drove us out to the coach, it was almost dark, and I felt myself fascinated by the harness and the nipple clamps and the reins and the lacings and the phallus as they were all refitted. Of course they hurt and frightened me. But I was thinking of Jerard's words. I could see him harnessed in front of me, I stared at the way he tossed his head, stamped his feet in the boots as if to improve the fit. And I stared forward at nothing with wide, baffled eyes as the phallus was worked well into me and the straps pulled tight, lifting me off the ground, and we were jerked into a fast trot down the road away from the manor house.

Tears were already spilling down my face as we turned on the road, the dark battlements of the village looming before us. Lights burned in the north and south towers. It must have been that same time of evening that Jerard had described, as there were few carriages on the road, and the women leaned on their gates, waving as we passed, and now and then I saw a lone man walking. I was marching as briskly as I could, my chin painfully high, the heavy thick phallus seeming to pulse with heat inside me.

I was cracked over and over again with the strap, but not once was I reprimanded. And just before we reached the Master's house, I remembered with a start what Jerard had said about nearly reaching the neighboring kingdom! Perhaps he was wrong that he would have been received. And what about his father? Mine had said obey, the Queen is all powerful and you will be well rewarded for your service, well enhanced in wisdom. I tried to put it out of my mind. I'd never really thought of escape. It was too baffling a thought, too much against the grain of what was already so hard to accommodate.

It was dark when we pulled up to the Master's door. My boots and harnesses were taken off, everything but the phallus, and all the other ponies were whipped away to the public stables, pulling the empty coach after them.

I stood still, thinking of Jerard's other words and wondering at the strange hot shiver that went through me when the Mistress tilted my face and brushed my hair back from it.

"There, there," she said again in that tender voice. She blotted my forehead and wet my cheeks with a smooth handkerchief of white linen. I looked right into her eyes, and she kissed my lips, my cock almost dancing, as the kiss took the breath out of me.



She slipped the phallus out so quickly I was pulled off balance, glancing back at her in alarm. And then she disappeared into the rich little house, and I stood shaken, gazing up at the high peaked roof, and the fine sprinkling of stars above it, realizing that I was alone with the Master, his thick strap in his hand as always.

He turned me around and had me march along the broad paved road back in the direction of the marketplace.

Grand Entertainment

Without the dread pony harnesses, I felt rudely bare and vulnerable as I marched fast towards the end of the road, expecting any second the tug of the reins as if I still wore them. Many coaches roared by us now, decorated with lanterns, the slaves clapping fast, heads high just as mine had been. Did I like it better that way? Or this way? I didn't know! I only knew fear and desire, and an absolute awareness that my handsome Master Nicolas, my Master who was stricter than so many others was walking behind me.

A great deal of light poured into the road ahead. We were coming to the end of the village. But as I marched around the last of the high buildings to my left, I saw not the marketplace, but some other open place, immensely crowded and full of torch light and lantern light. I could smell the wine in the air, and hear the loud, drunken, raucous laughter. Couples danced arm in arm, and wine sellers with full wineskins over their shoulders pushed through the crowd offering cups to all comers.

My Master stopped suddenly and gave a coin to one of these and held the cup before me to lap the wine from it. I flushed to the roots of my hair at the kindness of it, drinking the wine greedily but as neatly as I could. My throat had been burning.

When I looked up, I saw clearly that this was some sort of fairgrounds of punishments. Surely it was the place of what the Auctioneer had called Public Punishment.

Slaves were pilloried in a long row to one side, others were tethered in dimly lit tents with the entrance open for villagers to go and come, paying a coin to an attendant. Other tethered slaves ran in a circle around a high maypole, punished by four paddlers. Here and there a pair of slaves scampered in the dust to retrieve some object tossed before them, while young men and women urged them on, obviously having placed some bet on the hoped-for winner. Against the ramparts far to the right, giant wheels turned slowly, spread-eagled slaves going round and round, their enflamed thighs and buttocks targets for apple cores, peach stones and even raw eggs from the crowd, while several other slaves hobbled along at a squat behind their Masters, necks tethered by two short leather chains to their wide-spread knees, their arms stretched out to support long poles with baskets of apples for sale dangling from the ends of them. Two pink and plump breasted little Princesses, glistening with sweat, rode wooden horses with wild rocking gestures, their vaginas obviously impaled by wooden cocks. And as I watched astonished, my Master walking me slowly now, his own eyes sweeping the fair, one Princess reached her flushing, red-faced climax for the crowd and was obviously applauded the winner of the contest. The other was paddled, castigated, and scolded by those who had laid down their bets on her.

But the grand entertainment was the high turntable where a slave was being thrashed by a long rectangular leather paddle. My heart sank when I saw it. I remembered the Mistress' words, threatening me with the Public Turntable.

I was being forced steadily towards it. We were pushing right through the sea of howling, whooping spectators that radiated out some fifty feet from the high platform, and right towards the slaves who knelt with their hands up behind their necks, much berated by the onlookers, as they waited at the wooden steps to be taken up and paddled.

As I stared in disbelief, my master forced me directly into place at the end of this line. Coins were passed to an attendant. I was pushed to my knees, unable to conceal my fear, the tears stinging my eyes at once, my whole frame shuddering. What had I done? Dozens of round faces turned towards me. I could hear their taunts.

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The crowd gave a genial roar as I was whirled around again and the second blow came and then the whirl and another and then another. I clenched my teeth on my cries, the warm pain radiating out from my buttocks through my cock... I tried to close my eyes, but they opened wide with each blow, and my mouth was wide, my cries erupting uncontrollably.



"Oh, is the castle slave too good for the Public Turntable? Look at that cock."

"Has that cock been a bad boy?"

"What's he being whipped for, Master Nicolas?"

"His good looks," said my Master with a soft touch of dark humor. I looked towards the steps and the high platform in horror. I could see almost nothing but the lower steps now, as I knelt, the crowd some twenty or thirty deep in all directions. Laughter exploded at my Master's answer, the light of torches glinting on moist cheeks and eyes. The slave in front of me struggled forward as another was rushed up the steps. From somewhere came the loud roll of a drum and renewed screams from the crowd. I twisted around to face my Master frantically. I went down kissing his boots. The crowd pointed and laughed.

"Poor desperate Prince," a man taunted. "Do you miss your nice perfume bath at the castle?"

"Did the Queen paddle you over her knee?"

"Look at that cock, that cock needs a good Master or Mistress."

I felt a firm hand grasp my hair and raise my head, and I saw through my tears that handsome face above me, smooth and a little hard. The blue eyes narrowed very slowly, their dark centers seeming to expand, as the right hand was raised, the first finger wagging back and forth stiffly, the lips silently forming the word "no." The breath went out of me. The eyes grew still and stone cold and the left hand let me go and I turned back in line of my own accord, clamping my hands to the back of my neck, again shuddering and swallowing as the crowd gave exaggerated oooh's and awww's of mock sympathy.

"That's a good boy," shouted a man in my ear, "you don't want to disappoint this crowd, now, do you?" I felt his boot touch my buttocks, "I'm betting ten pence he puts on the best show tonight."

"And who's to judge that?" said another.

"Ten pence he really moves those buttocks!"

It seemed an eternity before I saw the next slave go up, and then the next and the next, and finally I was the last one struggling forward in the dust, the sweat pouring down me in rivulets, my knees burning, my head swimming. Even in this moment I believed somehow I had to be rescued. My Master had to be merciful, change his mind, realize I'd done nothing to deserve it. It had to happen because I could not endure it.

The crowd shifted and pressed in. Loud cries rose as the Princess being paddled above squealed and I heard the thunder of her feet on the turntable. I felt the sudden impulse to rise and run. But I did not move, and the noise in the square seemed pumped to greater and greater volume by a roll of drums again. The paddling was over and I was next and two attendants were rushing me up the steps while with my whole soul I rebelled, and I heard my Master's firm command, "No fetters."

No fetters. So there had been that choice. I almost broke into a wild struggle. O, please for the mercy of fetters. But to my horror I was of my own accord stretching out to place my chin on the high wooden post and spreading my knees, and folding my hands clasped on my my back with the rough hands of the attendants merely guiding me.

Then I was alone. No hands touched me. My knees rested in only the shallowest indentations in the wood. Nothing but the slender post of the chin rest came between me and thousands of pairs of eyes, my chest and belly tightening in rolling spasms.

The turntable was cranked around fast and I saw the huge figure of the shaggy haired Whipping Master, sleeves rolled above his elbows, the giant paddle in his mammoth right hand. With the left, he scooped up from a wooden bucket a thick dripping dollop of honey-colored cream. "Ah, let me guess!" he shouted. "It's a fresh little boy from the castle who's never been paddled here before! Soft and pink as a piglet for all his golden hair and sturdy legs. Now are you going to give these good people a fine show, young man?" He spun the turntable again half around and slapped the thick cream to my buttocks, working it in well as the crowd reminded him in loud shouts that he would need plenty. The drums gave their chilling deep-

throated roll. I saw the whole square spread out before me, hundreds of eager gaping villagers, and the poor unfortunates circling the maypole, the pilloried slaves struggling as they were pinched and prodded, slaves hung upside down from an iron carousel being cranked slowly around just as I was being moved now in a relentless circle

My buttocks warmed and then seemed to simmer and cook under the thick massaging of cream. I could almost feel it glistening. And I knelt freely, unfettered! My eyes were so suddenly dazzled by the torches that I blinked

"You heard me, young man," came the Whipping Master's booming voice again, and I was back facing him and he was wiping his hand dry on his stained apron. He reached out now and cradled my chin, pinching my cheeks as he wagged my head back and forth. "Now you will give these people a good show!" he said loudly, "You hear me, young man? And do you know why you'll give them a good show? Because I'll thrash your pretty buttocks until you do it!" And the crowd squealed in derisive laughter. "You're going to move that handsome rump young slave, if you've never moved it before. This is the Public Turntable!" And with a sharp slap of the foot pedal, he gave the turntable another whirl, using the long rectangular paddle to spank both my buttocks with a shattering crack, driving me frantically to struggle for balance

The crowd gave a genial roar as I was whirled around again and the second blow came and then the whirl and another and then another. I clenched my teeth on my cries, the warm pain radiating out from my buttocks through my cock. I heard taunts of "Harder," "Really thrash the slave," and "Work that rump Pump that cock." And I realized I was obeying these commands, not deliberately but helplessly, wriggling as I was sent into frantic upheaval by each deafening smack, trying not to slip out of place on the turntable

I tried to close my eyes, but they opened wide with each blow, and my mouth was wide, my cries erupting uncontrollably. The paddle spanked me to one side and the other, almost toppling me and then righting me, and yet I felt my starved cock jerking forward at each blow, throbbing with desire at each blow, and the pain flashed in my head like a fire exploding.

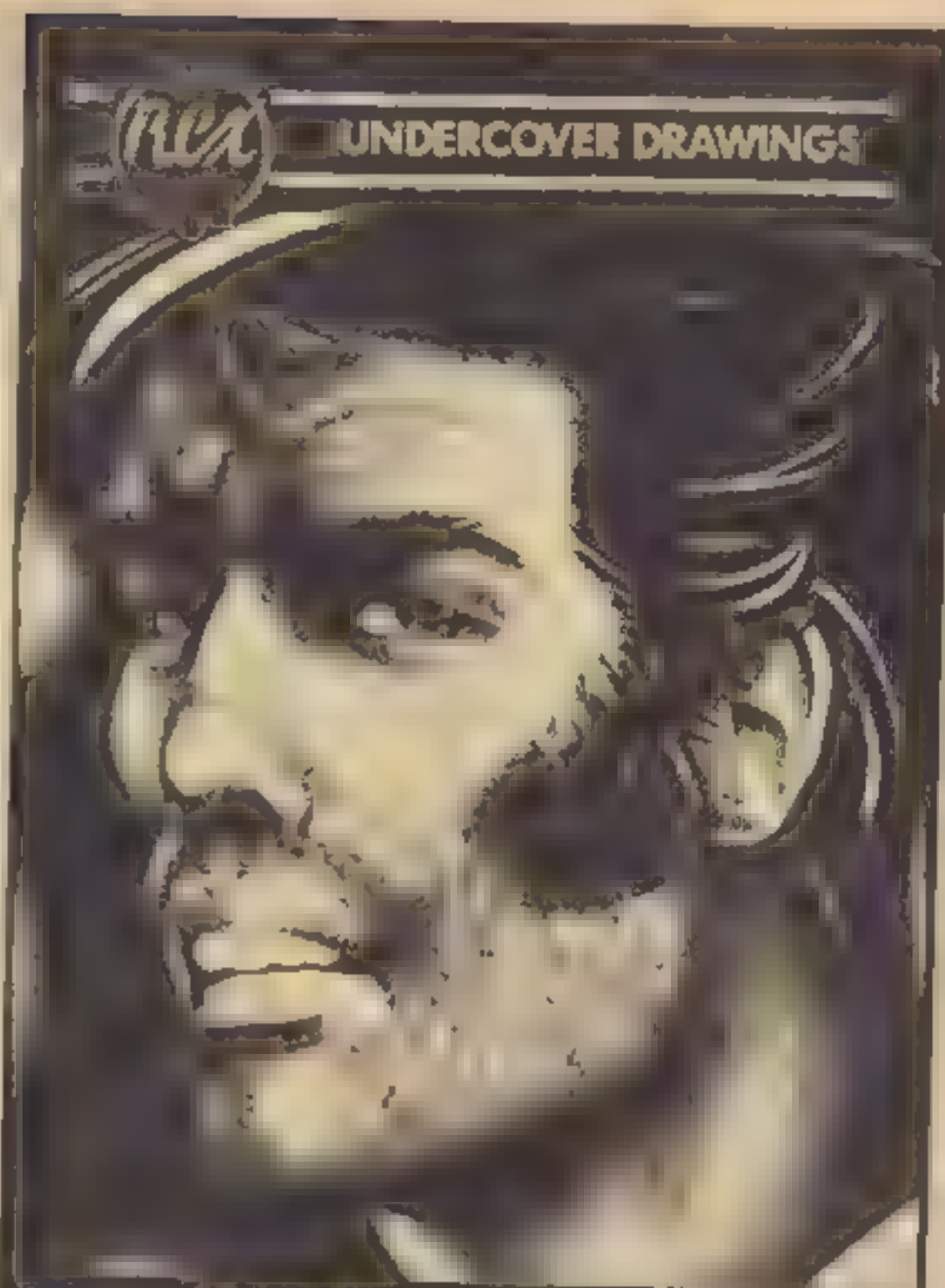
The myriad tints and shapes of the square were mired together. My body, caught in the whirl of spanking blows, seemed to fly loose from itself. I could no longer struggle for balance, yet the paddle would not let me slide or fall, there had never been any such danger. And I was caught in the speed of the turns, riding the heat and force of the paddle, crying aloud in short wrenching bursts, the crowd clapping and shouting and chanting

All the images of the day fused in my brain, Jerald's strange speech, the Mistress thrusting the phallus between my spread buttocks, and yet I thought of nothing clearly except the slamming of the paddle and the laughing crowd that seemed to flow out from the turntable forever. "Snap those hips!" cried the Whipping Master, and without thought or will I obeyed, overcome by the force of the command, by the force of the will of the crowd, snapping wildly and hearing hoarse raucous cheers, the paddle slapping first the left and then the right side of my buttocks and then thundering on my calves and rising to my thighs and my buttocks again

I was lost as I had never been lost. The shouts and jeers washed me as surely as the light washed me and the pain washed me. I was only burning welts and swelling flesh and the hard rod of a cock jerking vainly as the multitude screamed, the paddle smacking again and again, my own cries vying with it in volume. Nothing in the castle had so drenched my soul. Nothing had so seared me and emptied me

I was plunged into the depth of the village, abandoned there And it was luxurious suddenly, horribly luxurious, that so many should witness this delirium of abasement. If I must lose my pride, my will, my soul, let them revel in it. And it was natural too that hundreds milling in the square should not even note it.

Yes, I was this thing now, this nude and bulging mass of genitals and sore muscles, the pony who pulled the coach, the



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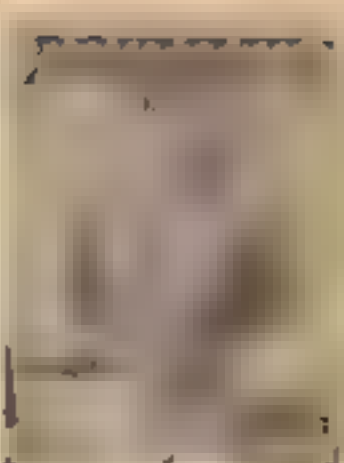
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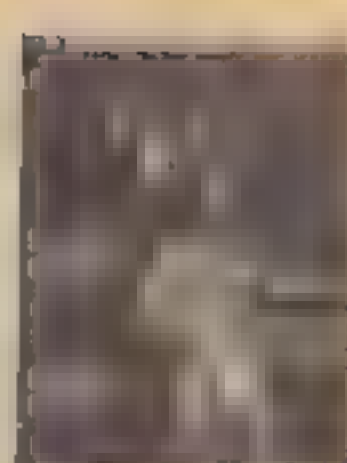
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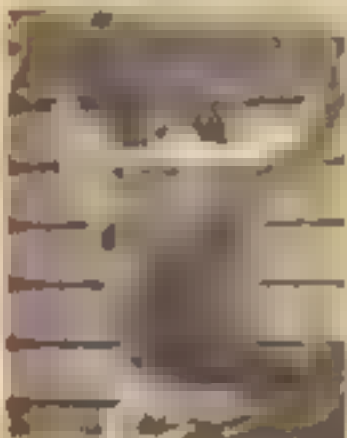
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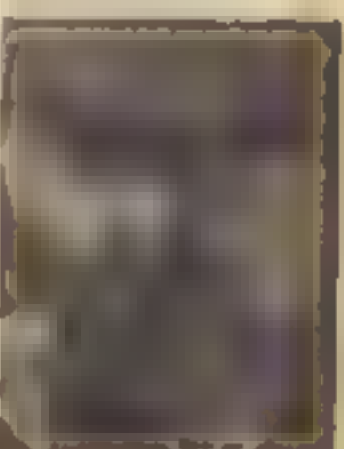
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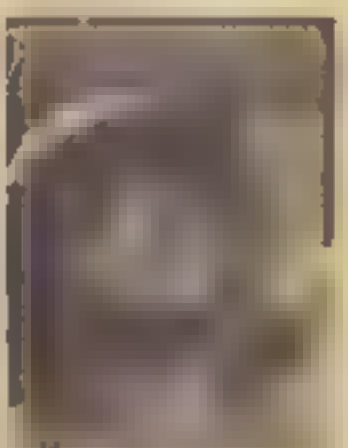
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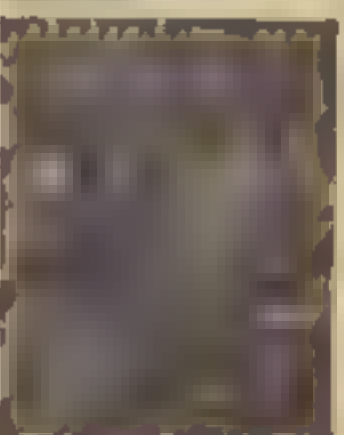
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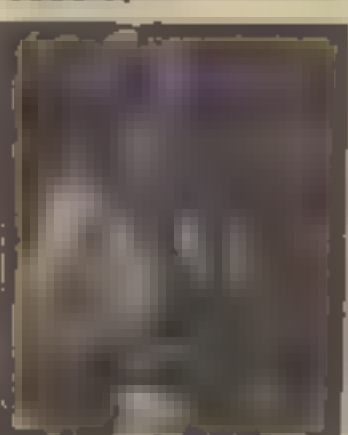
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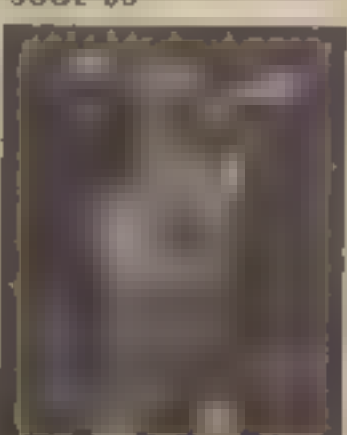
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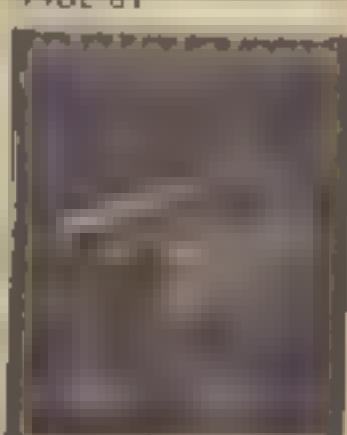
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I did not hope or fear what might happen here. My Master was removing his clothes, and as I watched amazed, he peeled off everything, neatly folding it on the chest at the foot of the bed. Then he turned to face me. His sex was alive and hard as mine...He turned down the green coverlet of the bed, and beckoned for me to come up into it.



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sweating, crying object of public ridicule. And they could pleasure in it or ignore it as they wanted.

The Whipping Master stepped back. He whirled the turntable round and round. My buttocks boiled. My open mouth shuddered, cries choking loose as loudly as ever.

"Get those hands down between your legs and cover your balls!" roared the Whipping Master. Mindlessly, in a last gesture of debasement I obeyed hunching my chin still, we I propped, to shield my balls as the crowd stamped and laughed all the harder. Suddenly I saw a shower of objects sailing through the air. I was being pelted with half-eaten apples, crusts of bread, the soft crush of raw eggs as the shells exploded against my buttocks and back and shoulders. I felt sharp stings on my cheeks, the soles of my naked feet, my eyes wide as the hail continued. Even my penis was struck, which brought sharp shrieks of laughter.

Now a rain of coins commenced to hit the boards. The Whipping Master shouted, "More, you know it was good. More! Buy out the slave's whipping and the Master will bring him back all the sooner!" I saw a youth rushing around me in an anxious circle gathering up the money. It was placed in a little sack and bound with cord. My head was lifted by the hair and the sack was shoved in my open panting mouth as I grunted in astonishment. Clapping sounded all around, shouts of "good boy!" and teasing demands, how had I liked the paddling, would I like another tomorrow night?

I was being yanked up and rushed down the wooden steps, marched out of the brilliant torch light and away from the turntable. I was thrown forward on my hands and knees and driven through the crowd until I saw my Master's boots, and glancing up, saw his languid figure leaning against the wooden counter of a little wine stall. He gazed down at me without a smile or a word, and taking the little sack out of my mouth, weighed it in his right hand, put it away, and continued to look down at me.

I bowed my head. I laid my head in the dust, and felt my hands slide out from under me. I couldn't move, but mercifully there came no order to move. The din of the square merged into a single sound that was almost like silence.

I felt my Master's hands, soft hands, the hands of a gentleman, lifting me. I saw a little bath stall before me where a man waited with a scrub brush and a bucket. Quite firmly I was led towards it and given over to the man, who, setting down his cup of wine, took a coin gratefully from my Master. Then he reached out and silently forced me down into a squat over the steaming bucket.

At any other moment in the past months, the rough public bathing on the edge of an indifferent crowd would have been unspeakable. Now it was nothing but voluptuous. I was barely conscious as the warm water poured over my smoldering welts, of it sluicing away the sticking egg yoke and dust that clung to it, of my cock and balls being well soaked and my back swiftly oiled to alleviate their grievous hunger.

My anus was thoroughly lubricated and I hardly noticed the fingers driving in and out, and still I seemed to feel the shape of the phallus stretching me. The hair of my head was rubbed dry and combed. My pubic hair was brushed, and even the hair between my seething, quivering buttocks was combed out to right and left, all of this completed so fast that in moments I knelt before my Master again, and heard his command to precede him to the road along the ramparts.

Nicolas' Bedchamber

When we reached the road, my Master told me to stand up, and told me to "walk." Without hesitation, I kissed both his boots and then rose to face the road and obey him. I put my hands behind my neck, just as I had done when I had been made to march. But quite suddenly he caught me in his arms and turned me and put my hands down at my sides and kissed me.

For a moment I was so perplexed that I didn't respond, but then my mouth returned the kiss, almost feverishly. My mouth opened to receive his tongue, and I had to move my hips back so that my cock would not rub against him.

My body seemed to lose the very last of its strength, all my remaining vigor collected in my organ. Then he drew back a little and fed on my mouth and I could hear my own loud sighs echoing up the walls. Tentatively I lifted my arms, and he did nothing to prevent it as I embraced him. I felt the smooth velvet of his tunic, and the soft silk of his hair. This was almost ecstasy.

My cock twitched, lengthened, and all the soreness in me pulsed with renewed fire. But he let me go, turned me and put my hands on my neck again. "You may walk slowly," he said. His lips brushed my cheek and the mingling of distress and longing in me was so enormous, I was almost in tears again.

Only a few open coaches moved along the drive, pleasure riders it seemed, making a broad circle when they reached the square and turning back to rush past us. I saw slaves in brilliant silver harnesses with heavy silver bells tinkling from their cocks and a rich townswoman in a bright red velvet hood and cape, snapping a long silver strap at these ponies.

It crossed my mind that my Master should get an equipage like that, and I smiled to myself at the quality of the thought.

But I was still shaken by the kiss, and still thoroughly vanquished by the Public Turntable. As my Master stepped into stride beside me, I thought I must be dreaming. I felt the velvet of his sleeve against my back, and his hand touching my shoulder. I was so debilitated I had to make myself move forward.

His hand curling around the back of my neck sent a tingling all through me. The knot in my cock ached and tightened, but I luxuriated in these sensations. I half closed my eyes, seeing the anterns and torches ahead like little explosions of light, and now we were far from the noise of the public place, and my Master walked so close to me that I felt his tunic against my hip and his hair touching my shoulder. Our shadows leapt out before us for a moment as we passed a torchlit door, and we were almost the same height, one naked man and the other elegantly clothed, carrying a strap in his hand. Then darkness.

We had come to his house, and as he turned the big iron key in the heavy oak door, he said softly, "Down on your knees." and I obeyed, entering the world of the dimly lit polished hallway. I moved beside him until he paused at a door, and I found myself entering a new and strange bedchamber.

Candles were lit. There was a little fire on the grate, perhaps to dry the dampness of the stone walls, and the great hulk of a bed made out of carved oak against the wall, its paneled roof and three sides inlaid with green satin. There were books here, too, old scrolls as well as the leather volumes. And a desk with pens, and again the paintings. But it was a larger room than the other, more shadowy yet more comforting.

I did not dare to hope or fear what might happen here. My Master was removing his clothes, and as I watched amazed, he peeled off everything, neatly folding it on the chest at the foot of the bed. Then he turned to face me. His sex was as alive and hard as mine. It was slightly thicker but no longer, and his pubic hair was the same stark white as the hair of his head that looked almost ethereal in the light of the oil lamps.

He turned down the green coverlet of the bed, and beckoned for me to come up into it.

I was so stunned I could not move for a moment. I looked at the fine weaving of the linen sheets. For three nights and two days I had been in the crude stocks at the castle, and I had expected to sleep here in some miserable corner on bare boards. But this was the least of it. I could see the light playing on the Master's tightly muscled chest and arms and the cock seeming to grow as I watched it. I glanced up right into his dark blue eyes and came forward to the bed, and climbed up on it, still on my knees, and he knelt on the coverlet facing me. I had my back to the pillows and he slipped his arms around me and kissed me again. Answering the strong bold sucking of his mouth, I couldn't stop the tears from coarsing down my cheeks or the sob from sticking in my throat as I tried to conceal it.

He urged me back gently and with his left hand he lifted his balls and his cock. I dropped down and kissed his balls immediately. I ran my tongue over them as I had been taught to do.



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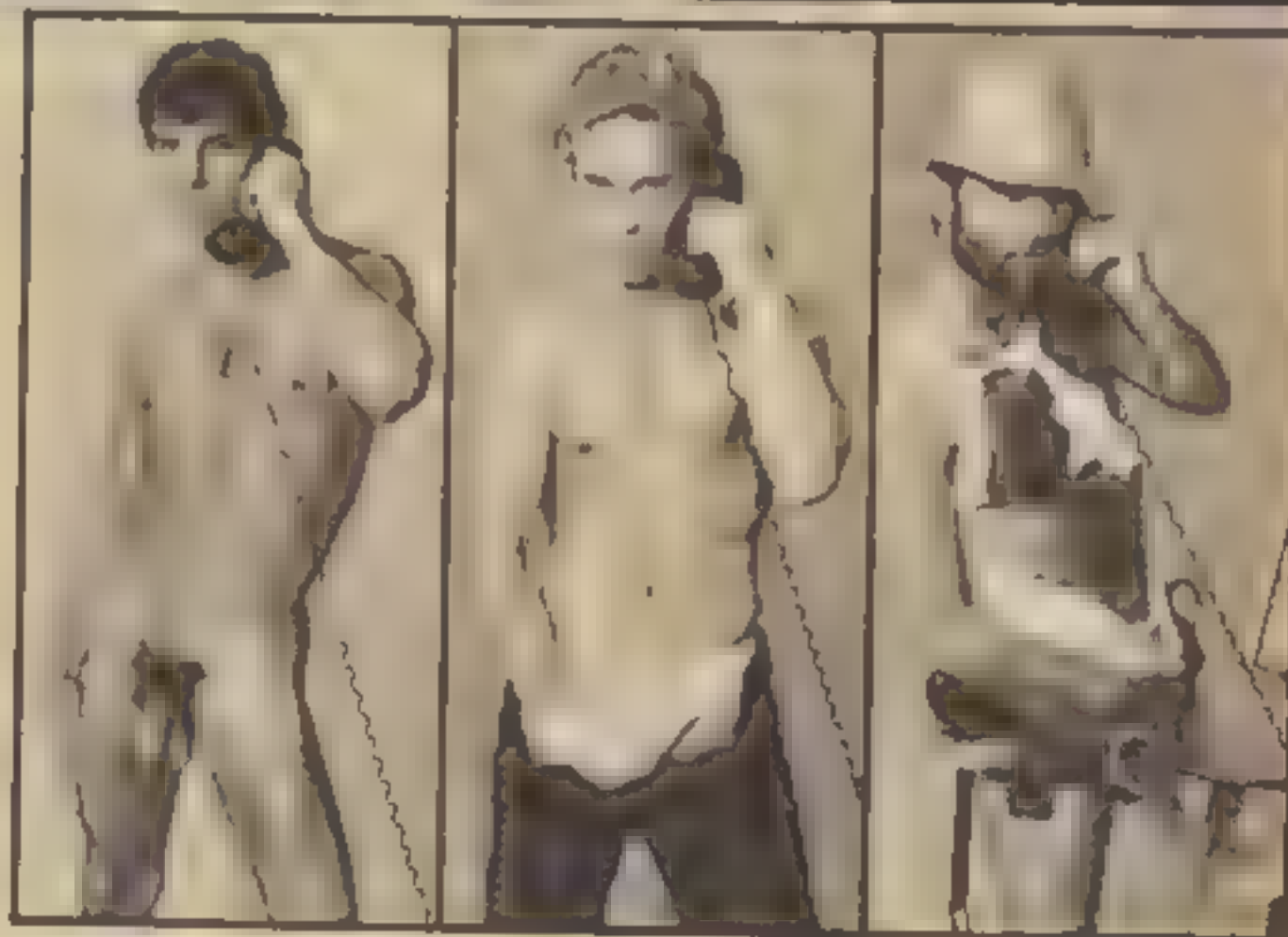
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with the ponies in the stable, mouthing them and feeling them tenderly with my teeth, and then I took the cock in my mouth and pulled hard on it, a little startled by its thickness. It was no thicker than the large phallus I had been made to wear, I thought. No, just that thick, and the dizzying thought came to me that he had prepared me for himself, and when I thought of him entering me that way himself I became almost uncontrollably excited. I sucked and licked at the cock, tasting it, and thinking this is the Master and not one of the other slaves, this is the man who has all day silently commanded me, subjugating me, defeating me, and I felt my legs slide apart and my belly dip down and my buttocks rise in a spontaneous motion as I sucked, groaning softly.

I almost wept when he lifted my face. He pointed to a small jar on a lathe shelf in the paneled wall. At once I opened it. The cream in it was thick and pure white. He pointed to his cock and at once I took some of the cream on my fingers. But before I applied it I kissed the tip, and tasted a little trace of moisture. I dabbed my tongue into the tiny hole, gathering all that was there of the clear fluid.

Then I rubbed in the cream well, even coating the balls, and smoothing the thick curly white hair with the cream until it was glistening. The cock was dark red now, and shuddering.

The Master put out his hands to me. Tentatively, I dabbed more cream onto his fingers. He gestured for more, and I applied it. "Turn around," he said. I did so, my heart racing. I felt the cream in my anus, rubbed deep and thick, and then his hands wrapped around me, the left scooping my balls up and binding the loose flesh to my cock so that my balls were pushed forward. I gave a short desperate imploring cry, and I felt his organ slide into me.

It found no resistance, my anus coming alive around it in violent spasms, I was lanced again as surely as I had been by the phallus, and with hard slapping thrusts I felt it jabbed deeper and deeper. The hand around my cock forced it out straight and I felt the Master's right hand surrounding the tip, the cream

slipping around the tortured flesh and then the hand tightening and riding the cock up and down in rhythm with the thrusts into my backside.

My loud groans echoed through the room. All my pent up passion jetted out, my hips rocking violently back and forth, the cock splitting me open, and my own organ shot its fluids in wild spurts out of me.

For a moment I saw nothing. I rode the spasms in darkness, I hung on the cock that skewered me. And gradually, on the very end of the wave, I felt my cock rising again. My Master's greased hands were coaxing it to rise. It had been tormented too long to be so easily satisfied. Yet the rally was excruciating. I almost whimpered to be released, but my whimpers sounded too much like sighs of pleasure. His hand was working me well, his cock pumping me, and I heard myself giving the same short, open-mouthed cries I'd given under the Whipping Master's paddle on the turntable. I felt my cock jerking as it had then and saw all those faces around me, and I knew I was a one in the Master's bedchamber and that I was his slave and he wouldn't let me go until he had brought it again thundering out of me.

My cock was remembering nothing. It was driving back and forth through his slick fingers, and his thrusts in my rear grew longer, faster, rougher. I felt myself coming to the pinnacle as his hips slammed against my scalded rear. And as he let out a low shuddering moan, jerking wildly into me, I felt my cock explode again in the tight sheath of his hand and this time it seemed slower, deeper, more utterly devastating. I collapsed back against him, my head rolling on his shoulder, his cock thumping and twitching inside me.

We did not move for a long moment. Then he lifted me and pushed me towards the pillows. I lay down and he lay down beside me. His face was turned away and I stared drowsily at his naked shoulder and white hair. I should have slept irresistibly. But I didn't.

I kept thinking I was alone with him in this bedchamber and he had not yet sent me away, and all that had happened to me

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would not recede. It stayed ever present in my mind. It made my tongue catch in my mouth as if on the verge of speech. It made my eyes remain open.

A quarter of an hour passed, perhaps. The candles gave a lovely dim golden light, and I leaned forward and kissed my Master's shoulder. He did not stop me. I kissed the small of his back and then I kissed his buttocks. Smooth, free of all welts and red marks, virginal, the buttocks of a Master in the village, a Lord or Sovereign at the castle.

I felt him stir under me but he didn't speak. I kissed the crack between his buttocks and darted my tongue down to the pink circle of his anus. I felt him quicken slightly. He moved his legs ever so slightly apart, and I pushed the buttocks a little wider. I tapped at the little pink mouth, tasting its strange sourness. I bit at it with my teeth.

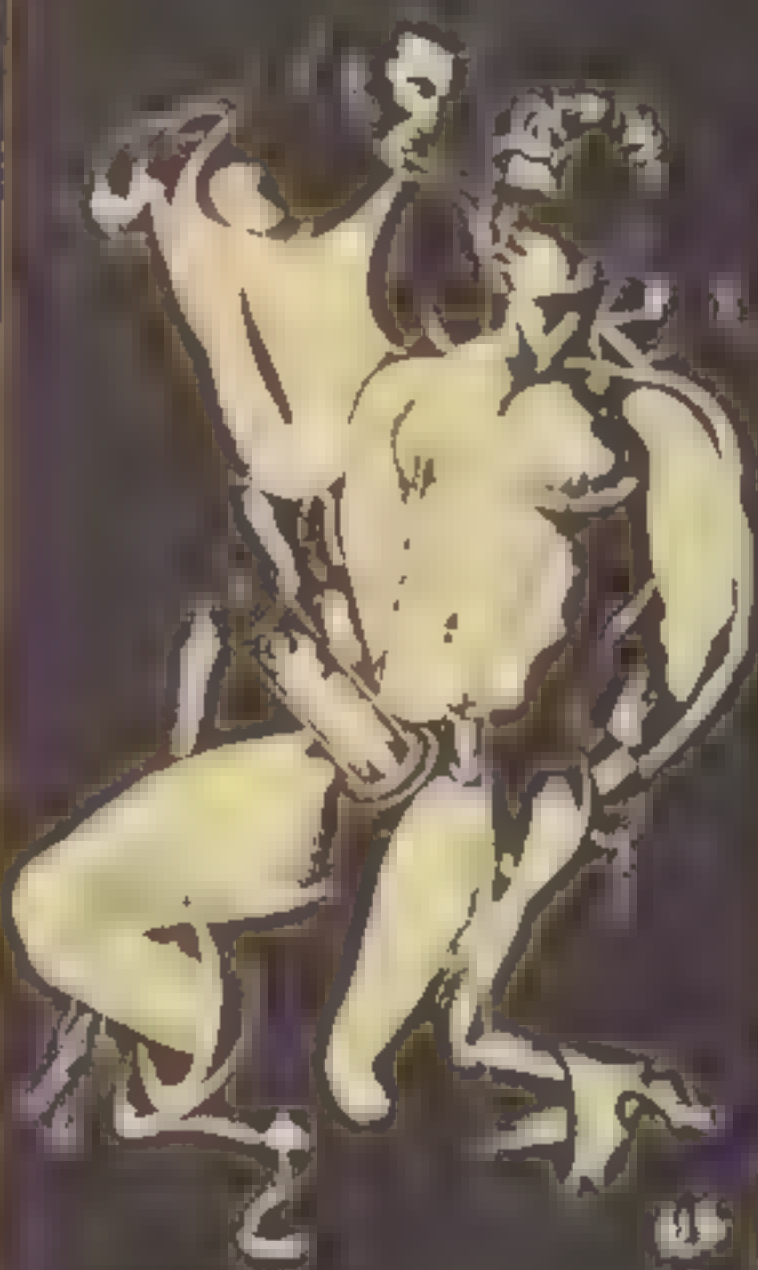
My own cock swelled against the sheet. I inched down in the bed and moved gently on top of his legs, crouching over him and I pressed my cock against his legs as I licked at the little pink mouth and stabbed my tongue into it.

Softly I heard him say, 'You may take me if you like. I felt the same paralyzing astonishment I'd felt when he told

me to get into the bed. I kneaded and kissed his silky buttocks and then I shot up, covering him, pressing my mouth to the nape of his neck and sliding my hands under him. I found his cock already stiff and I held it in my left hand as I juttied my own cock into him. It was tight and scratching and unspeakably tuscious.

He gave a little wince. But I was still well greased and it slid back and forth easily. I clasped both my hands around his cock and pushed up so that he was on his knees just barely, his face still pressed into the pillow. Then I galloped him hard under me, spanking my belly against the soft clean buttocks as I heard him moan, pulling his cock stiffer and stiffer, until when I heard him cry out, I released into him, his semen spilling over my fingers.

This time when I lay back I knew I could sleep. My buttocks simmered under me and the welts itched on the backs of my knees, but I was contented. I looked up at the green satin canopy over my head and consciousness slid away from me. I knew he was pulling the coverlet over us, and that he had put out the candles, and I knew his arm was over my chest. Then I knew nothing, except that I was sinking down and down and the soreness in all my muscles and in my flesh was lovely. □



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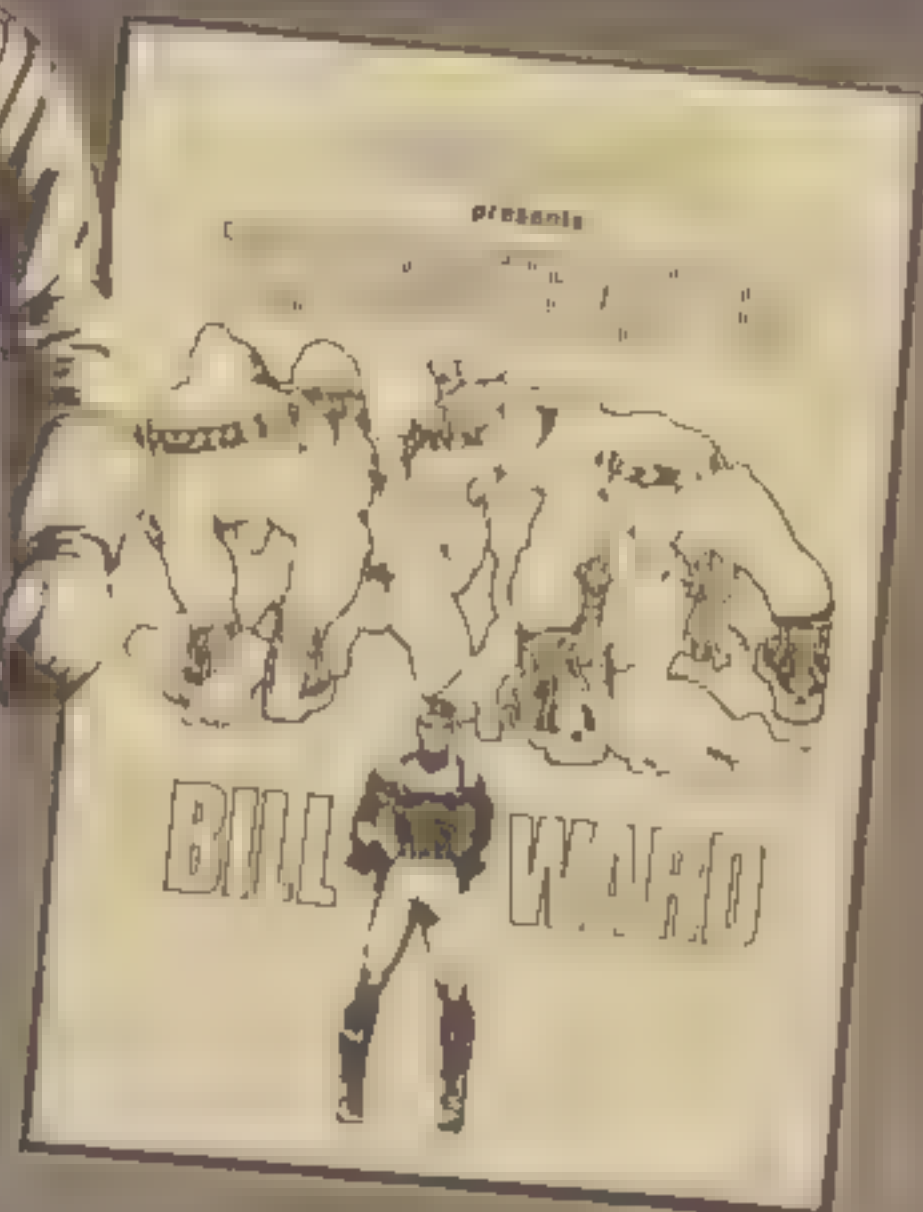
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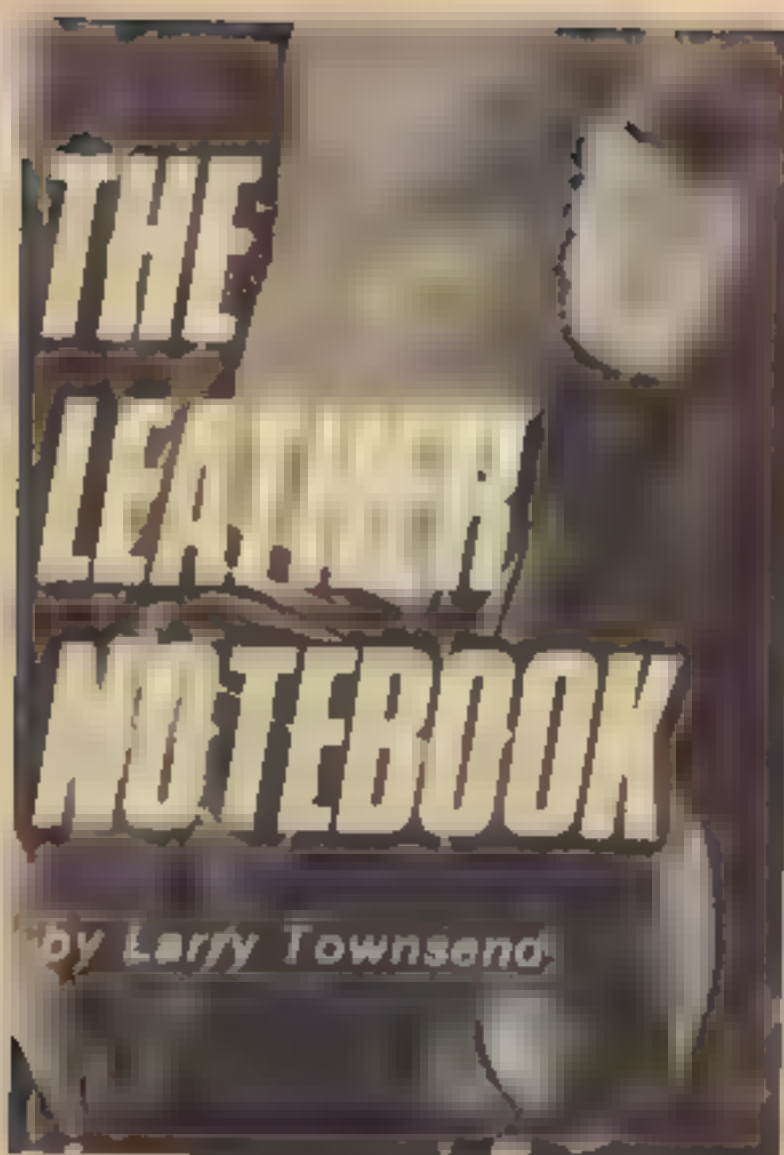
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Dear Sir,

I am 25 years old, studying in a Roman Catholic seminary—still five years short of ordination as a priest. Although I have been actively gay since my early teens, I have never gotten into the SM scene, but I have always wanted to be a "bottom," a slave. I've answered a Drummer ad, and have made contact with a guy in a nearby city, but I am hesitant to take this next step...with him, or with any other opportunity that might present itself. I'm concerned, on the one hand, with the potential physical danger, and on the other with the long-term decision I will have to make. Is there a future in being a slave? Am I being foolish to even consider this in light of my entire life's orientation? Any thoughts you might be able to give me would be greatly appreciated.

Seminary Student

Dear Student,

Although I have known a number of clergymen (Catholic and otherwise) who have been involved in male-to-male SM, each has had to make his own unique compromise with his conscience. At this point, I would be doing you a disservice if I suggested that you cast aside all your previous hopes and plans to plunge headlong into the world of leather-SM. You haven't even tried it yet, and I assure you that the reality is going to be quite different from whatever masturbatory fantasies you have experienced. Why don't you follow through with your present contact, and go from there. You seem to have time on your side. You also seem intelligent enough to weigh the alternatives and make your own decision before the final commitment—vows, etc. There are, of course, a number of gay religious groups: Dignity, which is Catholic, the MCC, and a large number of smaller denominations. You might look into these, not so much with an eye to a transfer of allegiance, but

in the beginning simply as a place to meet and talk with other guys who have confronted your problem and dealt with it in their own way—how successfully, you will have to judge for yourself.

Dear Larry,

In reading your comments about flogging in England, I would like to offer a few corrections. This is a prime interest of mine, so I have done quite a bit of research on the subject. As far as I can ascertain, no public floggings have taken place in the British Isles in this century, but flogging as a judicial punishment was still used, mainly for minor crimes of violence (mugging, etc.) until 1948, when it was abolished on the mainland, but retained in the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands. As to the method, men over 18 took it standing up strapped to a wooden or metal frame, across the back. Boys 17 and under were birched across the buttocks while being held against a table by two or more prison officers. The actual number of lashes was usually quite low, commonly six to twelve, but with such force that blood was usually drawn on the first stroke and the victim would often pass out.

In the Channel Islands flogging remains on the statute book (as does hanging), but has not been used since the 1950s, and probably won't be due to the European Court ruling concerning the Isle of Man. There it was abolished for men over 21 in 1970, but retained for younger offenders. In 1980 one young man who had been birched took his case to the European Court of Human Rights and won. The Court declared birching to be "a cruel and degrading punishment, contrary to the European Charter of Rights."

Reader, Ontario

Dear Reader,

Oh, for the good old days! I certainly thank you for your comments, much of which had to be cut due to space limitations. Still, I could not help but think, as I read your letter, that the incidence of corporal punishment seems to bear a direct, inverse correlation to the increase in violent crimes. Interesting, but I guess the learned gentlemen on the bench know what they're doing.

Dear Larry,

In reading your remarks in *The Leatherman's Handbook II* regarding the Chicago Hellfire Club, I wonder at your absence of comment on San Francisco's The 15 Association. My Master and I are both involved in this club's activities, and we (all the members) try to be for San Francisco what Hellfire is for Chicago. Although we don't claim as many associate members around the country and the world as they do, we do have associate members in about half a dozen states and several foreign countries.

Michael, San Francisco

Dear Michael,

Afterthought, in all things, is easier than forethought. When I wrote the particular chapter to which you refer, I was more concerned with illustrating a point than with giving any specific group a pat on the back. I would have mentioned The 15 Association, except at that point I wasn't sure if they were still in existence. The last letter I had sent to their post office box had come back as undeliverable, and no one of my acquaintance seemed to know what had become of the group. Naturally, as soon as the manuscript was typeset and edited, I began to get all kinds of information about The 15. If there should be a "Handbook III", I'll certainly remember you—that is, if we all make it through the '80s.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, Drummer, 964 Tolson Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)

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The pain and aggravation are continuous and my face is a hardened mask to hide these torments. I walk up and down the halls and through the streets or throw myself about my room to ease the agony. I am tempted to let the bindings loose, to undo the buckles and release the snaps but as I reach for the taut straps of my leather harness, my hands shake and having endured this much, I give in to my lust and hitch the gear up one more notch. I become dizzy and weak and utter involuntary gasps as the studded strips of the harness bite the flesh of my tightly trussed loins. I see nothing and can only think one thought: to continue on, and I concentrate on this bare philosophy: I will not let up on the rituals, there is no end, and if I can last this long I will endure it a few minutes more

**Text: Kirby Congdon
Photography: Mark I. Chester**




The mastery of my inflictions is a pleasing discipline because I prove my survival in the midst of my tortures; the batterings of my body, in my drunken state of dedication, my contentment is supreme. My only anxiety is that my punishments may stop and this possibility alone keeps me from giving in to death's release because of the strange and inordinate love of life I have and the sweetness I feel in its richness.

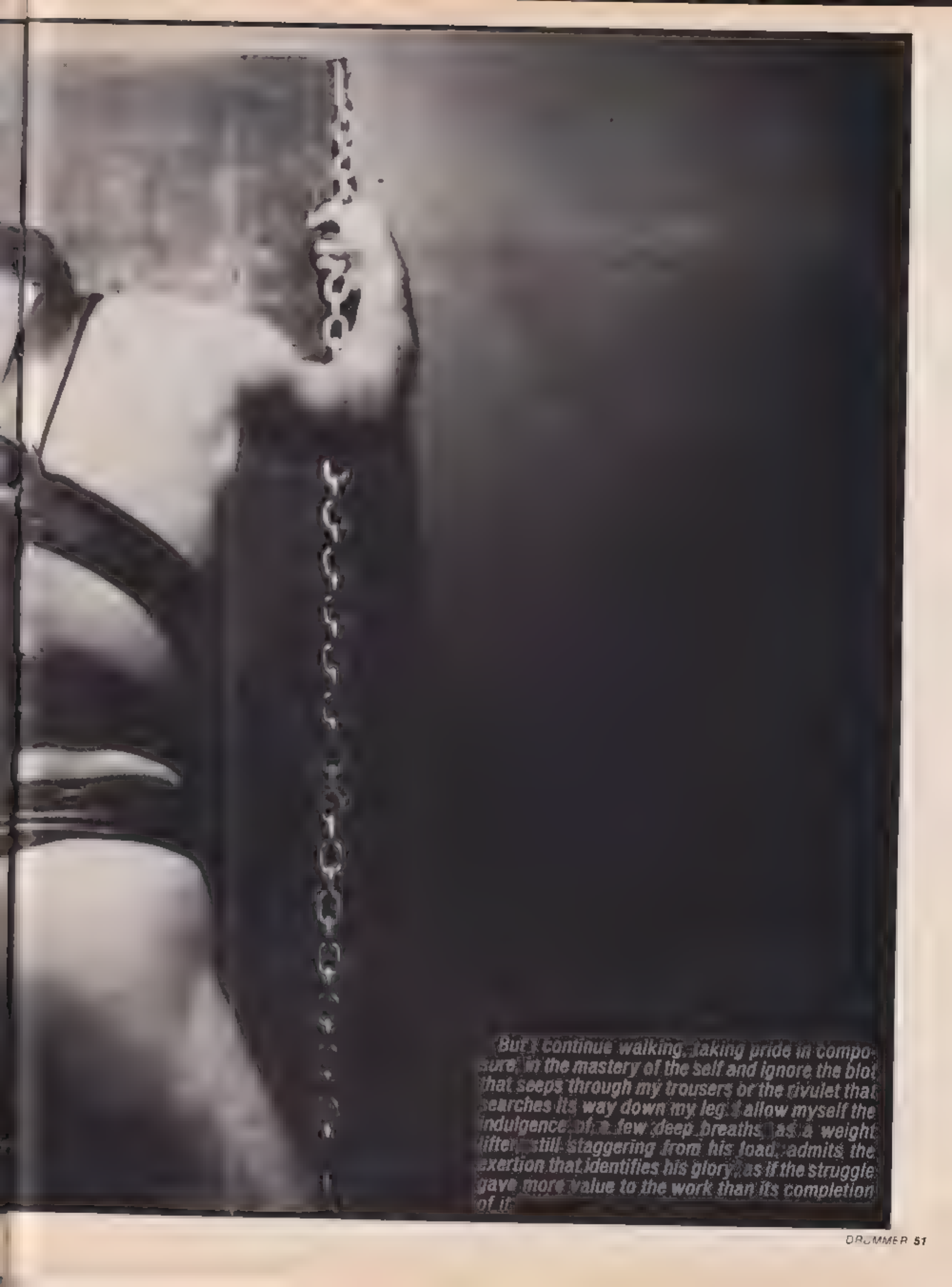
So I intensify the pain of my labors, like a religious novice humbling himself still more in self-denial before the prancings of his current godhead, and I myself show off that pain like a muscular Hercules, proud and abused, glorious and immortal, exercising the keen satisfactions he finds in the even deeper sins of his lavish and self-indulgent displays of excess.







And so I walk the street, erect, alert, my eyes straight ahead. But I see everything: the stares, the wincers, the old hatreds, the self-doubts, the eternal desire. I stride on, enjoying the restraints of my harness, the inventive and original gear of which is strapped, snapped and buckled, snug, tight, wrapped like black snakes about my hips and loins. As the whip-like sting pulls its leather knife against my rectum with each tight strut of my thighs, or is tugged here and there at my crotch and around my patiently bound balls, my erection yearns for its freedom down across my pant leg. I keep walking, keeping the rhythm steady and relentless until, as I come, my smug manikin singing out its operatic notes as if with a life and rhythm of its own, my vision blurred, my mind is arrested by its own white light, center stage. I face eternities, endure milleniums and know the stars.



But I continue walking, taking pride in composure, in the mastery of the self and ignore the blot that seeps through my trousers or the rivulet that searches its way down my leg. I allow myself the indulgence of a few deep breaths as a weightlifter, still staggering from his load, admits the exertion that identifies his glory, as if the struggle gave more value to the work than its completion of it.

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30 year old M. successful professional man, just breaking into the scene seeks contact with individuals groups clubs, organizations in the mainstream of the national and/or international S.M. community for an introduction into the lifestyle. Box 3676

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads: Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc. I may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

S.M. ART GALLERY

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S.M. Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested

painters, sculptors, photographers models, etc. Submit photos of work suggestions, and feedback to Box 3772

HAIRCUTTING/SHAVING

Meet men into crewcuts USMC high and lights. Flat tops. head/body shaves. CLIPPERS Box 5871. San Monica, Ca 90405

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Wants to share bikes, boots, leathers & heavy bondage (possibly long-term). w/ aggressive guy. send photo. Box 33. Riner, VA 2414.

WANTED-YOUNG MEN TO 35

For live in work at motel. Job involves light maintenance & learning desk duties. Must like dogs & know how to or be willing to learn how to give good massage (to owners only). Reply with photo & address & phone # if possible to Gary Seitz—3945 W. Houser Eloy AZ 85231

SLAVE WANTED

Two professional, caring, dominate GWM's mid 30's have position for obedient full-time slave. Application w/ photo gets reply. MSTRS P.O.B. 50286 WASH. D.C. 20004

IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!

PROSPECTIVE SLAVE

This 35' 5" 11" slim hairy slave into SM & BD & TT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF—Seek daddy leathermaster in 30's up with hairy chest hung! please Sir teach me total mental body control in degradation humiliation. I need to serve respect, obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command Sir. Can Travel USA P.O. Box 20648 Atlanta GA 30320

BIG, HEAVY HAIRY TOPMAN NEEDED

Thirsty GWM 30' 6" 230 lbs wants a big hairy topman to service while you latten this pig up. Box 3883

LIFE OPPORTUNITY

For right individual 27 yr old w/ making applications for live-in slave houseman. Varied responsibilities. Prefer shorter men w/ dark hair, dark eyes, w/ in shape, compact body, good mind. 18-30 yrs old. Must be willing to relocate. For further details send photo, phone, brief history to J.C. Harrison 1277 Hwy 2 Mt. Horeb WI 53572. (608) 437-8064

CROTCH BOOTS

Owner wants contact with other owners only. P.O. Box 1743 Shaverstown PA 18708

YOUR AD GETS RESULTS!

BOOT CAMP RECRUIT

Early 30's long overdue for rights of passage initiation, ready to make up for lost time in serious sessions w/ lean, mean, hard-muscle machine. Forced fight instruction. OI discipline. creative consequences. Discretion essential. Box 3920

NATIONWIDE PHONE

J/O CLUB

Free membership—newsletter send SASE for info. Box 3902

WANTED

Real man daddy buddy with good sincere sane head to explore bondage weekend long term or whatever we can agree on. Me hunky chunky 31 bearded, 5'8" goodlooking healthy, nonsmoker to go bottom or trade off. Photo P.O.B. 3578 Cincinnati OH 45201

BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS

See Organizations

S.F. TOP

Interested in contacting others (top or bottom) into Heavy W/S for purpose of starting a national club for some. Photosures reply 17 Harriet St. San Francisco, CA 94103

WANTED—

Lost over 1,000 buttons & pins during recent move. Will trade 1 for 1. Bar. Anniversary pins, pin pins, gay political pins, etc. 17 Harriet St. San Francisco, CA 94103

ALABAMA

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

In Mobile AL. We want to show you some Southern Hospitality that General Grant never saw. Two Real Men. Both 36, one blonde, blue, beard and a hefty 8' uncut so d log sticking out from his 6'2" frame. The other 6'1" 170 lbs for ball with brown/ brown, equipped with a loaded uncut cock. We are looking for Southern Men and visitors to the south who are into being men and playing hard. We've had enough of the southern belles at the local bars. If you're fat or lean or don't qualify as a real man, don't waste our time. If you think you're man enough for our brand of hospitality, get your shit together and write us a letter with a hot photo (returnable) of yourself. Box 3754

BOTTOM SEEKS TOPMAN

(Daddy) 21-45

To take charge of the situation verbally and physically. Me Prof. Bk 40' 5" 11" 148 lbs masculine discretion expected and received. P.O. Box 1772 Montgomery AL 36104

DRUMMER

964 Folsom Street/San Francisco/CA/94107

Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state and federal laws. California law requires that anyone conducting a mail order business or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. This address must be included at the end of all classified ads in parentheses. No advertisements accepted from persons under age 21. Alternative Publishing will not knowingly accept fraudulent, obscene, offensive or questionable advertising.

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SIGNATURE

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Answering a DRUMBEATS box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast so observe them or else: 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back of the envelope if you wish. 2) Your return address on the envelope should be written clearly and legibly. 3) There may be some problem with delivery. Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery. 4) The cost of postage is 20¢ per ounce and foreign overseas postage is 40¢ per ounce. 5) The cost of forwarding fee is \$3.00. 6) Put the whole thing sealed in a letter box and forward it to the address on the envelope and send to DRUMMER. Letters not properly prepared will be discarded.

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My ad is _____ words @ 35¢ per word for DRUMMER only, or 50¢ per word for DRUMMER and MANIFEST. I am enclosing _____
Now, get busy!

LEATHER, LEVIS MOTORCYCLE JOCK

Am 40 white 170 lbs 5'10" Willing to ride anywhere. Write with photo You won't be sorry Box 3914

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking. Would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10" 172 lbs 42 br/br mustache masculine good build hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45 masculine, well built not fat well-hung who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to P.O. Box 423 Kena, Alaska 99611 or call (907)283-4879

ARIZONA

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (19-35)
Dude for 3-way action Top or bottom. We have private back room. Box holder Box 9484 Phoenix AZ 85066

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA TELEPHONE NUMBERS

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LEATHER FRATERNITY BROTHERS

Interested in reviving the brotherhood should contact Tom at 964 Folsom St. San Francisco, CA 94107 (415)864-3456

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for new pledges to join our brotherhood. Membership includes Drummer magazine subscription. Send SASE 964 Folsom St. San Francisco CA 94107 (415)864-3456

SAN FRANCISCO RUSSIAN RIVER

SM C&BT To lie and chew on. Don't forget T/T Versatile. Your photo gets mine. All answered Box 3442

FISTFUCKERS

It's not depth but motion that excites this hungry hole. Goodlooking W.M. wants to play with other hot men who know how to use their fleshy paws. Write to Daniel at 584 Castro #246 S.F. CA 94114

SOME PEOPLE SAY

That I am a devil. I think I am an angel of my kind. Write me telling me how kinky you can get and let's get together to have fun. Later on we'll get into more serious things. Of course. Hurry up! There are too many things around the cosmos for us to pick up. Me WM 40 5'11" 175 You I hope you have a good mind. Box 3441

UNIFORMS

Dutch German American. 33 6'2" 170 lbs blue eyes blond hair hot. Looking for men interested in police & military uniforms esp. German, jockstraps & tall polished boots. Respond only if you are hot looking & sexy & willing to submit to & worship a true Aryan-Nordic type. Picture is a must. RST Apt #2 437 29th St. S.F. CA 94131

HOT S F COUPLE

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment in expanding our experience in fucking. Light S&M B&D, WS toys, dildoes, peepholes, playrooms & fantasy scenes. Not into FF scalp heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797

GOODLOOKING W M

Seeks trim blue collar workers into uniforms & leather. Jim (415)673-1284

21 YR OLD 5'7" 160LB

Bodybuilder seeks older (25-35) top man to exercise light B & D & preliminary S/M techniques. Must be good looking and masculine. Box 3944

SEX MANIAC

Insatiable tool needs daily servicing. Looking for hot holes—which part of the body doesn't matter. Must be good at one end or the other. Sex Maniac is 5'11", 155 lbs, br/br with 8 1/2" of thick hard meat. Can be kinky if the mood strikes. Reply Box 3917

GWMAN 30 WANTED

Tired of bars—usual article at men—Seeking meaningful relationship. I'm willing to give T.L.C. to the right man who is honest, trustworthy, sensitive, into all music especially classical and fun times. I'm W.M. 32 8'2" blue eyes hung—versatile. Box 3923

LEATHER BOY

Reeks with hot hung horny expectation for the right topman. Great body, face, and mind. 6'3", brunette. Loves and owns motorcycles, leather submission. Will go the lengths if correctly inspired. Please send photo. Box 3943

HOT 30 YR OLD TATTOOED

Blond blue-eyed leather boy 5'11" slender very handsome boyish. Seeks young (21-30), good-looking, clean-shaven masculine gay or bi buddy—punk biker or surfer type for sex and

companionship, possible on-going relationship. Can be gentle and/or wild. Light S&M bondage leather, loving. No fats, fems, losers or clones need apply. Photo a must. Box 3925

YOUR FAVORITE HOLE IS MOVING!

To 1145 Folsom Street approx 4-1-84 The Watering Hole

W M, 37, 6', SLENDER

Good looking, bottom, seeks heavily scolded daddy 25-45 into it T/T B & D & S. Let me worship your sweaty muscles. Use your muscles on me. Outdoor scenes? Ric 1632 J #3, Eureka CA 95501

TWO LOOKING FOR TWO SF BAY AREA

Or four #1 S 40, 130 5'4" #2 MS 30 180 6'1" Both w hot w/o attitude and like rough sex & old standards. No hangups about sex except fear of AIDS. We want to form a 4 or 6 way closed sex circle ship with 1 or 2 stable couples. You should be GWM under 50, in good shape healthy, not looking for a over into hot sex and able to keep closed partnership commitment. If interested let's meet & look one another over. Write Box 3937

TALL MELLOW TOP

Wants an easy going independent Buddy with a hearty hairless body and a hot fuckable ass. Photo letter and phone to Box 3767

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suck on for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536

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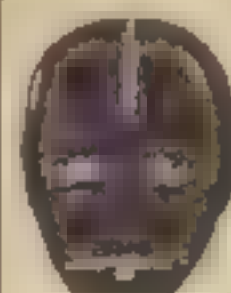
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WM, 45, 6', 275 LBS., 7 ft., UNCUT
Genuine very exp masochist seeks genuine exp sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing CBT TT watersports body worship total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what I can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure. Pass perm relationship Box 3875.

HOT LONELY BOTTOM

W/M late 40 seeks gentle hot topman with hot rod. In only Aft Area Box 3857.

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS
Age 35-50, wanted by W/Masculine Bottom. 34 6'1" 195, into T/T CBT W/S+ Photo & phone gets immediate phone response. All letters answered. No lems Box 38.4

W M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient serious exp oration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one enters. Prefer hirsute, baldish, anal oriented 38-45. Seek man whose life reflects and treats self respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863 9756

CENTERFOLD— COP IN BONDAGE

Anyone interested in meeting the 'cop in bondage' from issue 67 for a hot and heavy bondage scene write Dave 16 Divisadero St. CA 94117 or phone (415) 864-5145. Top or bottom into heavy bondage trips in uniforms or leather. Love miles of rope ace bondage saran wrap and leather suspension and neck play my favorites.

31 White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and or contact with men willing to expand my experience with CBT TT WS FF Picture & phone 584 Castro St 94144

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32 6' 215, serious weightlifter, hard some YOU—Naturally masculine, active man with a good heart. No ssys, pions, free loaders. Photo phone Box 3886

W M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28 153 lbs. 5'11" DAD is someone who knows how to take care of his both. Must be able to administer discipline. Box 3886

FAIRFIELD CONCORD

Masculine B/B 29 yrs old, looking for same into dirt bikes, backpacking, id snow skiing & B/B. Also like bondage CBT and outdoor scenes. Write to DGB 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40 Concord, CA 94520. No fem fairs or fairs. Photo if possible.

FIND DADDY HERE!

WELL-HUNG BLOND, 26

Moustache, hairy, muscular seeks hard fucking action. Ages 21-30 in Bay Area. Your hot photo a must. ESC, 465 Ellis St #2208 SF CA 94102

DOWN TO EARTH LEATHERMAN

Hot for regular partner in a healthy, thoughtful and caring friendship including fantasies with leather uniforms, toys, etc. as well as sharing travel, the river, outdoors, dancing, mapping, rafting, no bars, baths, cigarettes. I'm 42, 6'1" 165, professional (MSW). Prefer fun loving masculine, firm, thick-dicked buddy with moustache. Turn-about is fair pay! (415) 648-9070 6-9pm

GENITOELECTROPLEX

Devotee seeks whereabouts of artist Cavek. Box 605 808 Post SF 94109

HOT BODYBUILDER

GWM 33, good build looking for other hot GWMs. 18-40 into CBT. Expert in my techniques to take you farther than you thought possible, but safe. No rolls, just a way of stimulation. For hot man-to-man action, write RL at P.O. Box 421563, San Francisco CA 94142 1563

ASSHOLE GAMES

Goodlooking WM 33 5'10" 150# with hot recept ve ass seeks men into fucking & FF. Also have small talented hands for those into long mutually satisfying sessions. Lets open those holes and make them talk! P.P to P.O. Box 1196 Fremont CA 94555

HOGTIED

Jack liked itching powder. You beg, I laugh ME 25, 5'11" 165 Bl/Blu YOU 18-30 well built. App w nudar/jock jockeyshort photo BJ Box 1283 San Rafael CA 94901

MILD-MANNERED DADDY

Has permanent position for slave to keep up house and yard. Applicant must be 21-25, small, totally submissive, straight acting, stay-at-home, naturally smooth above waist, no facial hair, no liquor or drugs, open to most scenes. No seal or ft. Dad will see to mutual satisfaction. Special benefits travel and stage plays. Application must include picture. Box 3912

NASTY COCK WORSHIPPING

Bottom into humiliation, bondage C & BT WS getting fucked and anything raunchy. Seeks hot top for mutual satisfaction. Goodlooking w/m 28 6'2" 175 lbs send photo & phone Box 3939

YOUR FANTASIES BECOME REALITIES IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

GOODLOOKING W/M SLAVE

Wants to serve groups and parties. No bullshit please! I'm 6'4" 210 lbs 31 P.O. Box 4077 San Francisco CA 94101

UNSHAVED BODYBUILDER

Slave needs to be shackled by leather/uniformed master(s) for suspenseful dungeon B&D scenes (slaves GS TT shavings CT etc). Sir hot ass always at your command but limits need expanding. Willing to submit to anything. Occasional enemas desired. Some of slave's attributes are 5'8" 170# brown hair beard and adventure-some. Please send letter and photo Dave, P.O. Box 6873, San Jose CA 95150

FREMONT

EXPERIENCED MASTER

WM 27 6'1" 190 lbs heavy into boots, bondage, TT, and C&B looking for slaves that can take all I can give. Willing to train new slaves. 100 Photo & letter assure reply Box 3921

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

LEATHER FRATERNITY BROTHERS

Interested in reviving the brotherhood should contact Tom at 964 Folsom St San Francisco, CA 94107 (415) 864-3456

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for new pledges to join our brotherhood. Membership includes Drummer magazine subscription. Send SASE 964 Folsom St. San Francisco CA 94107 (415) 864-3456

SAN DIEGO TOP

6'3" — 40 — 190 into all scenes — complete game room — B/D S M W S FFA Leather Hoods wax fits — etc 619-420-8967

B G FURRY "BEAR"

Burly blue-collar type W M 6'1" 232-33 trim beard, thinning hair, broad hairy shoulders, chest and back plate beer belly, cul 6'2", nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stony @ (213) 666-3206 Silverlake Box 10643 Glendale CA 91209

HORNY WHITE-HOT

Seeks studs into fucking-rimming-sucking Dildoes-S&M W/S Pepper prolonged ass hole play-versatile (top-bottom) AM 46 180 lbs-6 tall-beard-moustache-Give uniforms good bottom service! Box 3520

YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER

26 yrs o.d. 5'6" 130 lbs Brown hair green-gray eyes, moustache and nice body—Seeks slaves/s, who need to be owned for life. Also will review requests from slaves/s who seek less permanent service. Forward detailed letter w/photo to Lord Stephen Box 152 Garden Grove CA 92642 0352

ANY REAL ACTION

From dudes who know what the hell they can and will put out and take. Really know about M/S, B/D, W/S B/P Toys Hoods Rimming Potty seal Humil and 7777? Let's match 90% for hot action. BLACKS get 1st place HAIRY W M CHICANUS come in 2nd with PHOTO get quick reply response. Bility gives all one. No age or size barrier. Box 3648

HOT MASTER

TAKING APPLICATIONS

For slaves/s! Temporary or permanent servitude considered by hot 29 yr old 5'9" 145 pound blond blue-eyed dominant professional. Looks are important but knowing your place and staying there makes the difference. Limits considered but a slave's duty is to satisfy his master. Masculine 100 Photo & letter assure reply Box 3648

S.L.O. AREA

Young Asian Leatherman seeks friendship (more?) with full leather WM Box 1632

MASTER WANTED

into heavy B—D, Shaving, motorcycles, domination outdoors, slave offers himself completely Box 3613

YOUR AD GETS RESULTS!

EXPERIENCED KENNEL MASTER

Seeks raw human animal for training. Object obedience loyalty development. Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigree hunk. Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or hopeless wrecks. If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have firm direction tempered with warmth understanding and necessary discipline, then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential. Your responsibilities will be few, chiefly house security and companionship. Your opportunities limited only by your will. The San Diego area will be home. Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition, so follow your instincts. Submit photo address and phone. Box 3581

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage tortures shaving whipping, piercing of armpits & tits for parties photos groups or one Master (213) 845-9486

WANTED

LEATHER BIKE MASTER

into motorcycles, shaving, branding B—D Heavy Discipline, humiliation, flog whips, chains, cigars, into outdoors. Master 5'8 or taller 140 or heavy

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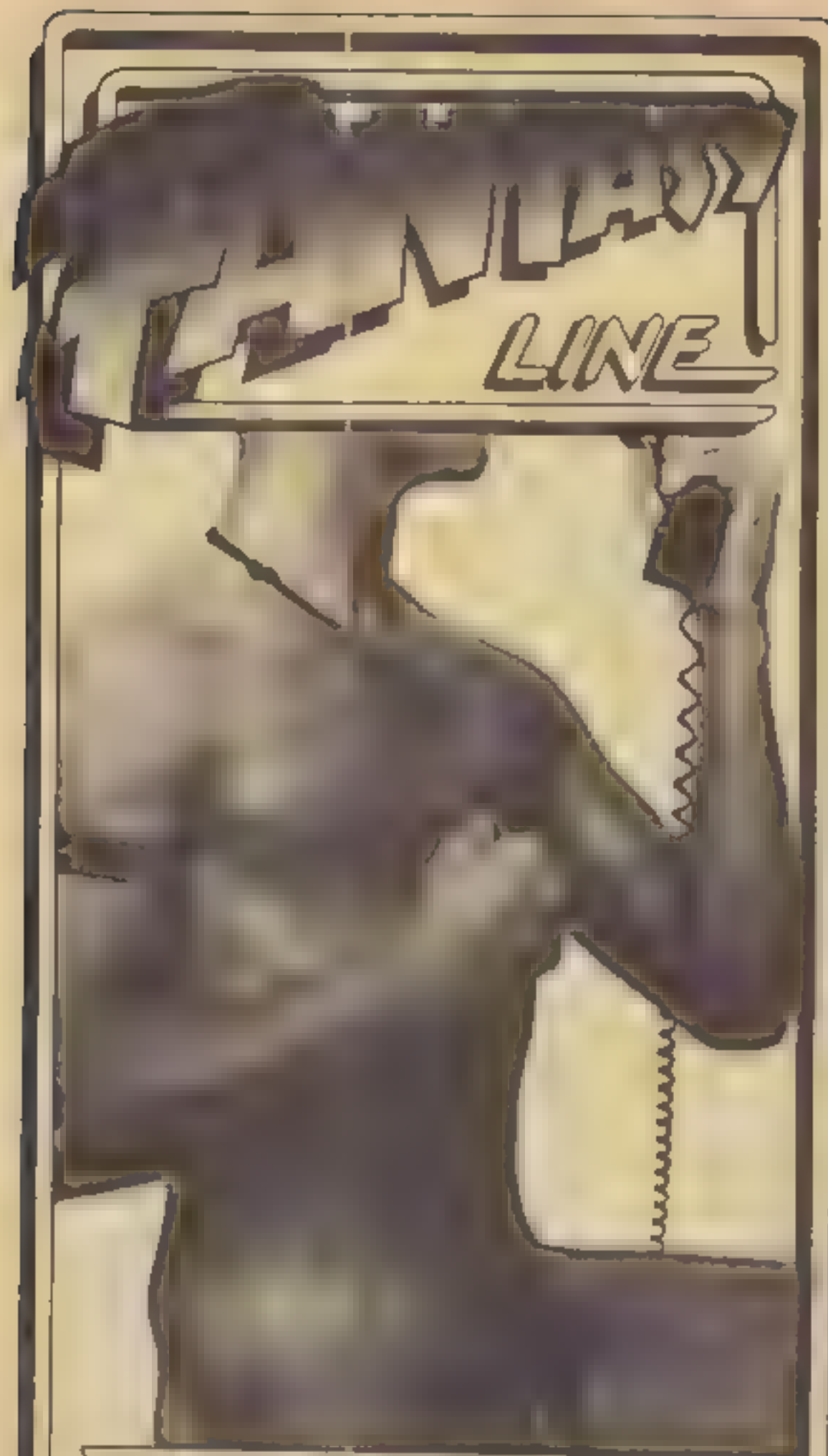
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ier, 25 years or older White Photo requested slave offers himself entirely Box 3631

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Healthy male slave any race 21 & must be willingly disposed to total service in any and all means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His lifestyle. Send appropriate application humbly to Master Conrad P.O. Box #938 29 Palms Calif 92277 include a complete mailing address and telephone number BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot, handsome w/m 40-61" 190# Sadistic Experienced and widely respected seeks unfilled muscular masochists OBJECT Enlarging the S&M spectrum buy/sell styling mutual need Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips wax and weights stimulate your endurance If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons contact Frank Albright Box 84085, San Diego CA 92138 or call 619-260-8196 after 11pm

PIERCED TATTOOED LA TOP

Bearded 6' 155# w/m mid 40s looking for L/L boot-lickin' piss drinkin' greaser/ on-lovin' bondage slave to shave Must be willing to expand on his on piercings tattoos C B T/T W S shaving and bondage Am responsible but demanding Exhibitionistic punk ok Photo/ phone replies answered First Box 3741

BLACK MUSCLEMAN TOP

Wanted by blond bodybuilder into bondage leather CBT Shaving vacuum Total service Am ha dworking stable professional building gameroom and gym Have much physical & mental potential 1st ad serious only pls Photos retrnd #245 8306 Wshire Blvd Beverly Hills CA 90211

S M ART GALLERY

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather S M Macho-Fetish art gallery Interested painters sculptors, photographers models etc submit photos of work suggestions and feedback to Box 3772

SADIST WANTED

By masochist for expanding my limits in all scenes No drugs or slaving Available weekends Box 3656

BLACK SADIST WANTED

To torture my white body as he w she Box 3777

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FOR THE WAY-OUT TOYS SUPPLIES
FOR THEIR SEXMAS ORGY

FIND DADDY HERE!

WANTED: ONE SLAVE

W M Master 45 5'8" 145 lbs seeks to own masculine firm slave under 35 Master desires personal sex slave or slaverson not S&M Bottom Discipline training, bondage, domination—yes Brutality—no In total commitment to this lifestyle be ready to be kept naked chained and kneeling at Master's feet waiting to serve suck or spread em or don't bother to apply Master especially demands constant crotch worship and lots of head Looks and height not that important Attitude, obedience and complete submissiveness to bullfucking Master is All races and nationalities considered Beginner welcome Permanent and live-in Be prepared to relocate if accepted Box 3862

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY
Masculine white man 45, 5'9", 155# seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom Must have good head and body Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869 Skiers welcome

WANT LEATHER BUDDY

For good healthy sex W M 48-510 160 Br gr. moustache Good body kets TT B D CBT YOU B.B. good chest pecs fits a must Lame w/pk twigs results tell me what you need If your interested in sincere buddy friendship relationship with good looking top bottom Go for it! Don't be afraid Answer this ad No fats fens FF o dope.s Box 3852

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Save prisoner looking for Master's guards! Me WM 34-6 170-Lb brd fan FA GP B&D verbal abuse ball & hit tort W S & avail LA SD You +6 white, dominate, under 45, healthy oddshape Photo & phone to Box 142 Mission Viejo CA 92690-0142

LOOKING FOR

EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body not hairy no dead Prefe no moustache should be into all clean scenes maybe with we eqipped playroom I am 42 6'3" 180 with piercings and many tattoos Experienced in some scenes novice in others Some times D sease conscious Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight Ask for Ron and be discreet Leave number and time to call I got home (213) 254 3036

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

G W M 23 5'10" 150 bs short brown hair moustache Seeks hot domme x hung hairy Leather, Cowboy Masters, Daddies w/ good service and cuddling I am G-P FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes Clean Healthy (619) 231 449

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN?

LOOK RIGHT HERE!

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6' 180 strong egghead specimen hairy horny and eager offers mouth ass C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure Dog's mouth ass eager call for anal Seeks cock centered natural dominant preferably shorter white or black Polaroids groups dog food ok Animals possible QM P.O. Box 26081 L.A. CA 90026 Swap pix

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy Daddies w/ dorkey dricks and cow horse stk to be fed 27 year old stud Need VA WS juicy but meaty sweaty ba.s. Cal anytime 213.656-9813

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles Pretty-faced hog—30 6'4" 300+ bs—seeks mas.s who know how to use a fat assed jello-bellied slave with huge tits and hamrock thighs Not much experience but ALL scenes considered So if you're r to grth come to L.A. and hnd are this handsome-faced overgrown pig! W te Box 3179

LOW BLOWS OK

Good looking tall tough young proud fuck gets off on hard contact Gives takes no mercy workouts w/ his knees Streetlight interrogation Two on one ok Fantasy w/ O ok Send physical description or pic and phone Describe scene Box 3904

STUD OFFERS

His n. Uncut cock, grobes for C BT Box 101 E Monte CA 91734

SHORT BLONDS, BIG REDHEADS

Two witty Masters seek 2-3 hrdwking slavemen with steel balls. 20-25 tough scrappy dudes into BB, wrest, karate, gymnastics, etc. Will sponsor competition material. Absolutely h h m n d e d No dopers, drunks smoking bullshit or damage. Age looks cocksized important. Seek obedience, loyalty, discipline w th "Yes Sir" attitude capacity for correction, punishment, having balls whipped, butt paddled. Do it right or do it over. Not looking for 2nd best. You will wear collar and leash with pride eat from dog bowl with gratitude along w th our 3 dogs. If familiar with white line brigs, you have an idea of the obedience and discipline we look for. Your strength, brawn, mind and intelligence will be totally committed to our exclusive benefit, comfort and pleasure. We're looking for slavemen who work & sweat hard for their Masters, w th spitshine Masters boots take pride in doing it well. I require thirsty slaves who can relieve me of 3 AM piss. No nelves, assholes, game-players, nonsense preferably no family. This is permanent the real stuff. You will have your butt in gym every day. Train in martial arts, perform strength and endurance routines for your Masters and their friends will be pierced and tattooed. Dudes will be house slave, personal attend., run Owners various bus enterprises. We'll washboard abs, gigantic forearms, hvy vascularity. You will be GP FA w th help design your own leather and steel gear. Limits entirely up to us but no scat or FF. If you dig motorcycles, great. I'm partial to redheads. My lover likes blonds not required. I like em tall, my lover short. B d & moust desirable. If apeman hairy, you're practically home free. also not required, if you are good it makes no difference. Desire some bckgrnd/intel in cooking, carpentry, gardening. Vegetarian oriented. Must be able to get driver's license and passport. We have some good bng haircuts. If you think you can take the heat, look us up. No ex. sex. Yo all are as v y as I v e. e good we live a life. New ed. is again v y c a l y. Box 3846

TITS—HOT MUSCLE

Great peccs—into long nipple action with muscle—n.pple freaks (213)651-3721

BEARDED, TATTOOED

Pierced, hung bald sensual friendly attractive W/M 27 8' slim and strong seeks a muscular, masculine W/M bear 30-37 with blue collar or biker looks, a large, firm, round ass and a beard and/or moustache. If you honest y are this type, and would like companionship and lots of imaginative sensuous sex, call M chaet at (213)60-5228. Late PM and Mon-Wed after noons are best, or leave a message anytime and no J/O callers or hys please.

SLAVE/DOG TRAINEE

28 yrs, 6' 175, masculine tough healthy hardworking obedient ready for permanent life of servitude. Mind-body become Master's property to do with as he sees fit. Very serious only. P.O. Box 681 Van Nuys, CA 91408

32 YR BUTCH STUO MOVING

To San Diego wants a boy to whip and fuck. Box 3946

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

Poss re at onship w/m 36 185 lbs 6' Call Paul 6 to 11 PM (805)682-7949

BLACK COCKSUCKER

WANTS BIG WHITE MEAT

Strictly for a 18-35 wolf-mean, boot leather-tough, white jock-type, proud of his raw sexy good looks, and reek-

lessly heilbent on getting his rocks off by mandating a nigger to crawl, beg for his hard juicy prime meat, ramming it deep into his begging mouth and choking throat... feeding a niggers' insatiable, inexhaustible hunger for white cock and overload of cumshot. Uncut, blond/blue-eyed studs especially welcome. I'll treat you right! Photo/letter to: P.O. Box 4672, Los Angeles, California 90051 2672

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

Blond slave 6' 11" 28 with lots of muscles looking for tough, mean leather & uniform Masters to use and abuse my muscled hide as he sees fit. I need training and discipline and will serve as told for right Master. Perfect muscle slave for the toughest. Send letter and picture—Sir Box 3942

HOT DADDY—MASTER

6' 10" 6' rugged clean cut uncut mid 40's exceptional man seeks exceptional boy slave-animal. Prefer hard smooth, muscle body big endow intelligence & willingness to total mind and body build. Need for service guidance positive direction, accomplishment, security. You will be trained for mutual fulfillment of heightened fantasy not just top and bottom stuff. If you respond to any of these words you may be close. Boot, armband, buzzcut, jock, turgid, hardware 50f muscle attitude, light oil and leather (of course) reply to Box 3938

UNIQUE BB SLAVE

Man enough? Rugged Colt-type builds only! Muscles and submissive attitude REQ! Total service to leather/military master. W/M 8'x6" cock, 5'9" 160# Br, 43c, 29w 15a, 39. Leather-bond/SM. Limits observed. Other tops 3-4 ways. Apply/photo/phone to REX Box 3935

CONNECTICUT

CUFFED, GAGGED, ROPE

My fantasy involves light elaborate bondage with lots of rope lags and leather. I would love to find a partner to share my interest. I prefer being a bottom man but can be both. Looks age not important but willingness to experiment is. Box 393

DELAWARE

WESLEY-SUE

Demanding 48 5'11" 145 G W Virgo Male seeks obedient thin bottoms (16-32) at my cc location. Reply w/photo & resume to: WHB P.O. Box 251 Wilmington DE 19899

DELAWARE VIRGO DADDY

G W topman's 48, 150 lb 5-11 seeks gay or straight, married or single, young 18-30 slender bottom son-sia, or weeknight, weekend pleasure. Write with photo to WHB P.O. Box 251 Wilmington DE 19899

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HANDBALL DEVOTEE

170 lbs solid muscle 5'10" 38 dark bearded InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self acceptance. Am my own man and not captive of any role. Years of residence in Berlin, Paris and Stockholm have given me European flexibility. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr Gr, titwork and like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Sound interesting? Balls in your court. Write P.O. Box 30651 Bethesda, MD 20814-0651

WELL BUILT

Unruly military type W/M 6'4" 37 180 lbs B cut responds only to very expe-

rienced handling. Chained by the balls, worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want, service from a highly intelligent animal. No Faith FF, or hard drugs. Box 3868

FLORIDA

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks partners for training in heavy bondage + light S + M. Limits respected. Discretion required and assured. Applicant will include photo and phone in application letter (or cassette). Jake Leonard Box 130051 2260 NW 68th Ave Sunrise, FL 33313

WANTED: SLAVE/LOVER

M wh, un36, some exper thrssex, slim or musc could re-locate educ, mature S Wh, 40 educ, finan secure 6'3" 88 Handsome, completely masc & dom, has full thr & equip boots, toys for it to hvy S&M B&D VA CBTT WS GrA FrP. Respect him, but we'll expand them.

M describe self & exper, phone recent photos, turn-ons & offs any limits to S. Answer w/more info & specs, my pics. Plan me your area! you visit S Fla. Mr Sir Box 11816, Ft. Laud F a 33339

MASOCHIST

Seeks SADIST for ritual. Can travel. Box 386.

NOVIS SLAVE

I'm blond 5 ft 11 33 yrs willing to learn from sensitive strong Master 20-40 into spanking water sports ora & anal service. Dog collar & leash. Call 7PM on 305 674 1 19

NEED A MASTER

Seeks a leather and rubber master who can give me more training in leather, rubber, gagmasks at work and play, piss-poppers, trim, titwork. Tie me, try me. Sir hol slave 44-178, 80 good body, attractive. Box 3919

BUSY TONGUE

Needed by white hairy dad (56) for body ass, cock. Expect piss humiliation, punishment. Detailed letters get reply with nude photo quick. Box 384

MATURE (41), SENSIBLE

Trim athletic jock Master with hairy chest (not fur) into CB & TT W S. Bondage, seeks smooth-chested you counterpart as sailing/luck-buddy early 84 aboard pocket-cruiser for Tampa Bay region. Only young REAL M&N able to reject bar/bath/drug scene need apply. Possibilities unlimited for acceptable applicant. Mr. Kenny, 1870 E-2 Pine Ridge Way West Palm Harbor, Fla 33563

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Wanted by W/M 33, 5'8" firm body, mustache, tender. Resume w/photo Box 4118 Key West, Fla 33041

SLAVES

Applications being accepted for slaves for extensive training in S&M by professional model and bodybuilder master. Applications must include photo, qualifications and reasons for consideration. No feds, drugs or fakes. Box 601155 N Miami Beach, FL 33150

ANYONE

25 to 45 willing to train hairy 5'8" slim white dad (60) as body slave? Desperately need V.A., humiliation, piss, rim, juices, foot cheese, punishment. B/D

Box 490037 Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33349

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Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M W/S poppers. Levis leather boots. Am 27 150 lbs 5'11" 10" with short brown hair, brown eyes, beard, moustache, No tats, feds, backs. Bridwell, Box 12348, Atlanta, GA 30355-2348

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Youthful, looking for masculine top man. Prefer aggressive, muscular, straight acting man. Box 3915

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Of SM and good h's. 40 6'2" 200 cut 6", Br/Br into 50's, military boots, vanilla (all ways) and SM (mostly M) including special y whipping and ball work. No FF, scal WS, rimming, drugs, piercing, caltheters, STD, etc. Also into nail-bites (3 times wk), old current XXX) v to computers, reading, travel. Phone a must. Box 3898

ILLINOIS

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Chicago Master 42 6'3" 190# with well equipped dungeon/payroom wants SLEETTY SLAVES. Obedience, discipline, training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, padding, C&B work, S&M etc. All limits respected. Novices accepted, race no problem, will be Drummer Dad to deserving studs. A, replies answered. Send photo if possible. Box 2630 Chicago, IL 60690

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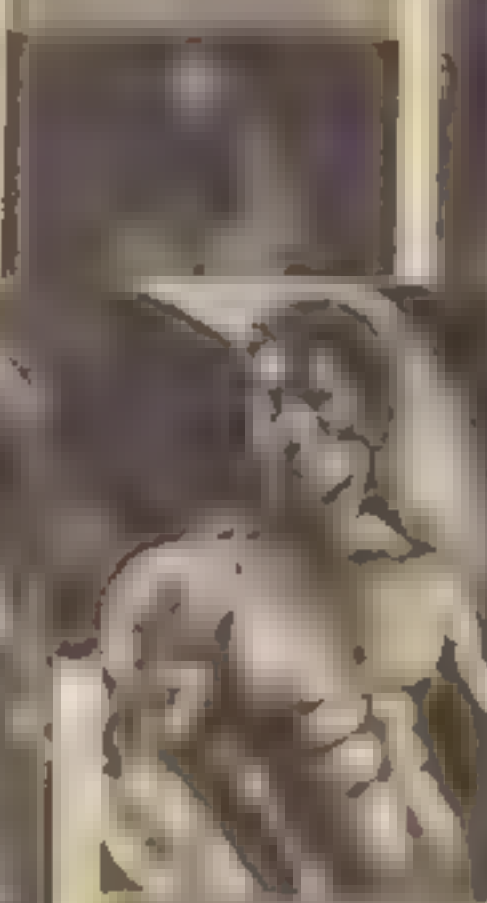
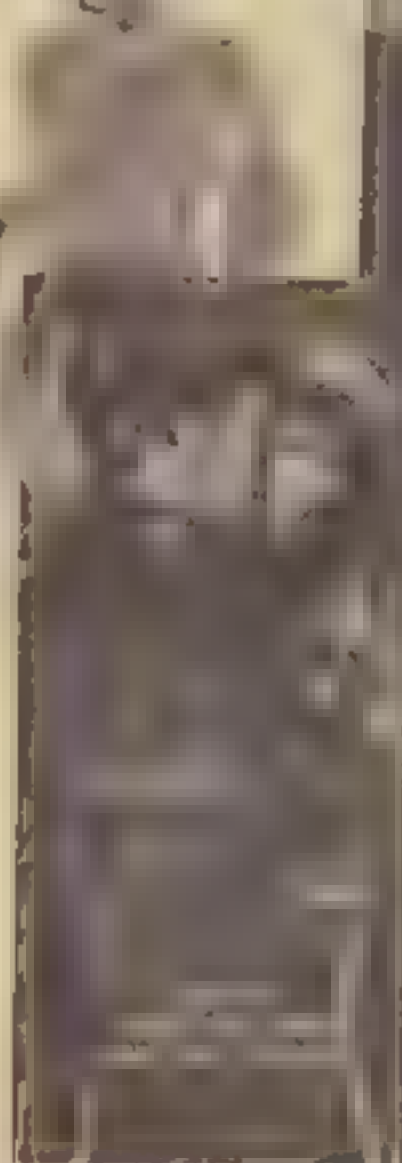


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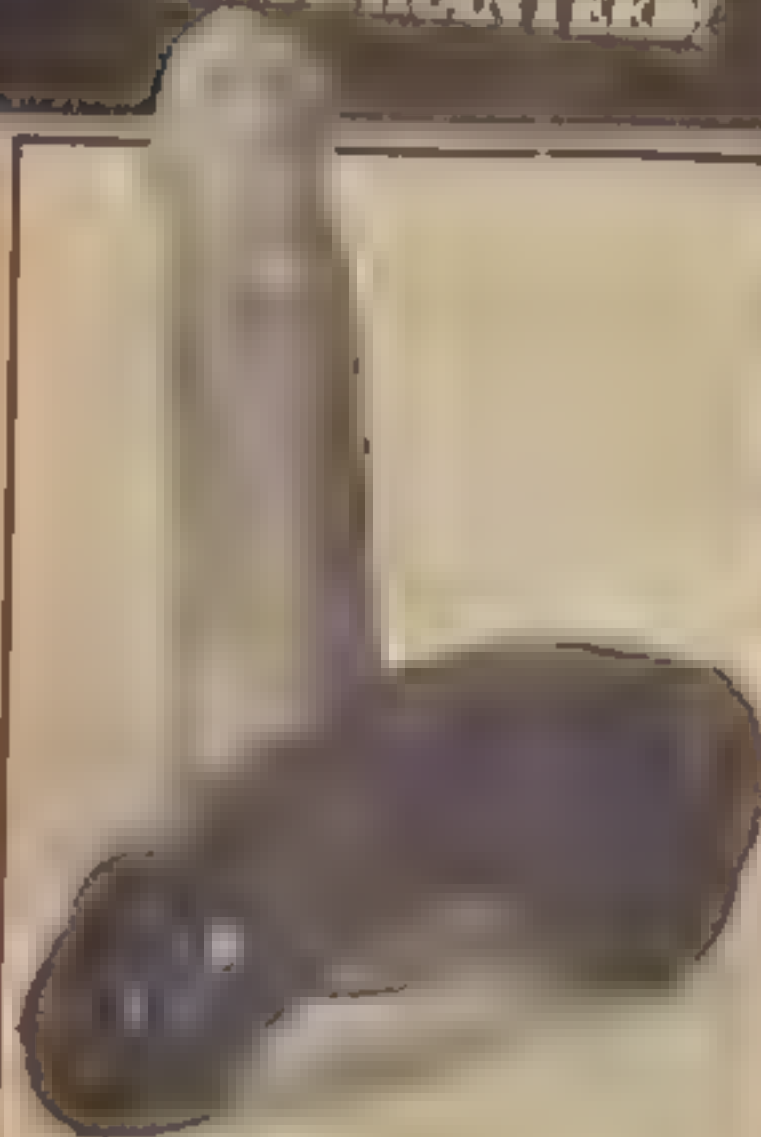


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Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout, stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps, eyeing each other, their hands reaching out to feel each other's biceps, pushing hard muscle against hard muscle. If you get turned on by pumped muscles, this tape is for you!

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Teamster Bob picks up a hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck and the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off, then his dirty, greasy jeans. When the jeans hit the floor of the truck cab, you'll find out why this tape is called "Hot Hung Trucker!"

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I very quiet lover seeks non-materialistic truthful helpful mildy muscular 90% male NYC cop or the like for noble clean non-violent modest sexual relationship Should like to cook May eventually relocate in rural California like motorcycles small farming an m a quiet talks spiritual energy bodybuilding natural foods (often in the Chinese style) balanced sane living and Haydn String Quartets No drugs alcohol or singles scene please Do not wish to be involved in the gay scene at all Box 3881

TICKLING TORTURE

Simple safe but unbearably agonizing Watch as my young beautiful trusted body strains against your tight bonds—twisting struggling as your cruel fingers mercilessly stroke my ticklish feet and pits ignoring my screams and pleas for mercy Write for hot action Box 3880

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M/W 29 180 Bodybuilder cop look ng for uniformed cop into any cop fantasy Tattoos leather police jacket MC cops turn on expect same No scat FF Backs will arrest cock suckers or take on booted cops reply with phone Must have interest in scene Uniform preferred Box 38 9

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Wanted by athletic blond 40-year-old Master You short 18-40 tiny cock Goat huge nipples and pussy possible marriage No drunks drugs tats Photo/phone BW Box 149 NY NY 10012

ASS SLAVE WANTED

W M hairy Master 38 5'7" 150 w li own train & punish the tight dog-ass slave Apply w li rear photo phone & needs Box 3889

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Interchain 518) Seeks obedient son-bottom for training and discipline Must be masculine and serious Letter-photo Box 3876

HORNY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG

And hung like a horse into unconventional scenes with creative body-builders back dwarts deal mules and animals Write disgusting letter w li photo to occupant #8 218 E 11 St NY NY 10003

G W M 42 5'8" 147#

Requires strong persuasion to be removed from comfortable environment and trained to be the slave he was born to be Could you please help me Sir? Box 389

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is not necessarily restricted to NY and Long Is and Ultimately looking for a one to one relationship

PAIN/LOVE

Given to bond preppie boy or humpy Italian punk wanting permanent Master lover You 18-35 needing to build home together des r ng gvd as much as heavy pain humiliation B.D slow torture Me 33 5'10" 1 m hairy body 8" w li thick clean shaven professional security experienced masculine top Photo, letter describing self needs hopes to Box C 210 East 29th St eet NYC 10016

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Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD
Expires _____
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AGGRESSIVE HOT TOP

Seeks smooth bottom lover for monogamous relationship. Very masculine, great build 30's well hung G/A easy to watch T.V. with. Looking for G/P homebody who needs lots of affection, a sense of belonging and wants to grow only with one special person. Pic/phot. Yorkville Station PO Box 66 9 New York NY 10128

UNCUT, SMOOTH, GOODLOOKING

Beautiful to most Blonde Master 28 together musical intelligent innocent looking but wicked. Seeks only muscular, hairy chested monogamous slave for lifetime ownership. Slave must be financially and emotionally secure, obedient to a fault, late 20's to late 30's. Slave will accept my limits. I love to whip/torture/tits cock balls and pull on chest hair while demanding excellent head. No raunch but want to explore and work mercilessly a strong man who can take my mental physical demands. Monogamous? Muscular? Hairy? A sucker for a nice face and muscular nala at smooth body? Write letter of application to Master R.J. Gale 104 West 71st #3C NYC 10023 photo a trust

MASC BITAL

6' 163 30, athl aggressive very hnd's weights, jogger, horny 8's seeks BB or young guy sh to strip lease pay w/h. pose L/S M or imagination. Contact not nec but can be very GR. Active Love to J.O. Box 785 252A Greene S NYC 10013

WM 28, 5'9", 155LB8, UNCUT. Pierced nipples, brown short hair, moustache. Told hot ass & mouth. Seeks patient understanding Master owner to teach & expand limits through trust. A answered photo gets mine + quick response. Box 3918

YOUNG M 26 5'7" 135#. LI Brown hair, Haze eyes and a large cul cock. Needs S 18-40 nlo Bondage and cock and bat torture. Box 3913

SCAT FILMS? Do you have hot SCAT films or video to share or lend? Let's get high watch and J.O. A so nlo phone J/O Box 3906

DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE

EXHIBITIONIST. Will do your housework stark naked while you (and your friends) watch him. At on and verbal abuse him - in young body hung and uncut. Mouth round ass. Box 3907

SUBMISSIVE 30

SOUTHERN TIER SLAVE. Begs for Master into CBT W S S/M. Will respond at letters with details. phone sir Box 3907

NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE. There are many men who want to be a slave but cannot find the guts to do so. Most of you who have called or written wasted my time. Some of you were serious but lazy. Some of you were serious but afraid. ALL of you STALL seek a master! And I still seek a slave for obedience, total commitment. When earned, am DEADLY SERIOUS. And so are YOU! Now DO something about it! Call Randy (704) 324-1465 or write to 1305 11th Avenue S.E. Box 24 Hickory NC 28601

COUNTRY BOY. 29 6'1" 185 lbs. Blonde, Blue tattoos. Marine looking into leather and hot sex. Seeks 18 to 35 masculine looking men. Uncut preferred not a must. Send photo for response PO Box 338 Pine Level, NC 27568

GOOD HOT SEX

Salisbury NC 36 5'8" built well hairy, uncut man. Seeks 25 to 55 masculine, well built, not fat well hung men. That get into a hot ass & throat. Toys, dildoes, assplay most scenes except heavy pain & FF. Answer all photo and phone answered first. Come visit Piedmont NC. You won't forget it! Will travel. Box 3866

NORTH DAKOTA

RANCH/RODEO COWBOY. 24. W M Cowboy 150, 5'9" needs another Cowboy for leather action. Brn Blue eyed Cowboy into all Cowboy gear including chaps, boots, spurs, gloves, levis, hats & rubbing leather clad clothes. Versatile, ready for any action with another Cowboy only. Cowboys reply to CR Box 87 Mandan North Dakota 58554

OHIO

CINCINNATI. LEATHERMAN/MOTORCYCLIST. 41 likes the hot smell of a man. Hairy bodies, raunchy arm pits, smelly ass. Let's rim, suck piss, kiss and fuck. Let it all taste and smells the same. Your photo gets mine. P.O. Box 41326 Cincinnati Ohio 45241

MASTER WANTED. Good looking guy 22 6'2" 180 seeks similar master. Humiliation, verbal abuse etc. P.O. Box #236 Galloway OH 43119

GWM AGE 37. TIRED OF BARS. And usual nelly queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere. Willing to serve right man. Am Greek Passive and French A P and love to receive recycled beer. Travel to NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a plus. No lems please. Box 3873

STRICT DADDY NEEDED. Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'6", 125 lbs. mid 30's smooth chest. Daddy should be W M under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Drummer Box No 3884

CLEVELAND. Wanted a young son who needs a sexy loving and caring dad who will give hot loving experiences and a permanent relationship. Can help right son to relax. Photo gets mine. Brown eyes 43 P.O. Box 09257 Cleveland

OKLAHOMA

WANTED SLAVE. Tulsa Leathermaster wants slim slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918) 665-1885 or reply with photo to P.O. Box 54760 Tulsa OK 74155. No phone jackoff

OREGON

DOMINATE MALE. 6' 175# seeks trim w/m for B O S M. Interest important not experience. Photo Box 3884

FIND DADDY HERE! SLAVE. Seeks dominant leather Master into raunch, humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets mine. P.O. Box 19759, Portland 97219. Sir! I'm hot

UNCUT BOTTOM. 32 140 lbs. bearded W/S submission boots, leather scat. Box 3871

SUBMISSIVE BOTTOM. GWM 31 150# 5'7" Brn/Brn bearded seeks top into leather/levis. VA, dildoes, toys, humiliation, WS, SM B/D. Casual encounters only. Your photo gets mine. Box 3941

PENNSYLVANIA

REAL MASTER. Needed for heavy bondage, total control. Weekend Confinement and Discipline. Slave is 35 untrained able to travel to master's location. Please send orders with phone & photo to P.O. Box 2091 Philadelphia, PA 19103

HOT TOUGH YOUNG M. 6'2" 170 lbs. 27 yrs. 8' very athletic. Needs to be trained by demanding hard master into domination endless fucking, ass play, toys, B&D, light S&M. Huge cocks- very deep throat. Expand my limits as you see fit. Sir J.O. 100 Denniston St. Apt #12 Pittsburgh, PA 15206

IM 30, 6', 170#. Br hair gr eyes swimmer's build straight appear gdlkg. 8'2" cul dg real men S&M CBT poppers J/O GR - FR a p-rough wild & kinky sex J.C. P.O. Box 1454 Uniontown Pa 15401

YOUNG STUD WANTED. Who's into leather B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W-6-175# All man. Have leather fuckroom with racks-sling & toys. Can't handle it don't answer. Just fuck off. Box 3887

YOUNG STUD WANTED PITTSBURGH AREA. Who's into leather B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W-6-175# All man. Have leather fuckroom with racks, sling & toys. Can't handle it don't answer just fuck off. Box 3887

PITTSBURGH AND TRI-STATE MASTER

Applications now being taken for servitude by 28 yr old white Master with football player build. Aspirant slaves must be under 36 yrs old well built and masculine. I'm into all scenes except FF. SCAT heavy pain or causing serious injury. I will respect and expand your limits. First timers welcome. Fems under and overweight need not apply. If you think you can measure up send a detailed application with upper half nude photo to CR PL Box 55 Greenshaw Pa 15116

ATTENTION CLERGYMEN. Horny clergyman wants to hear from other horny clergymen who like cocks and balls, tits and asses as I do. Call

SLAVE 29

up my ass, also into W S. I will serve you totally. Especially interested in 2 or more men at the same time. P.O. Box 1092 Bethel, PA 18016

RHODE ISLAND

HOT COUPLE. Well built 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang ups. FF

W S and raunch welcome. P.O. Box 3641 Cranston, Rhode s and 02920

TENNESSEE

LEAN INTENSE, SENSUAL. Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure through trust-of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest. It seems few guys know it exists. Long slow mind-n-sou fuck n-s where it all begins. If you too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft 150 bs. 43 yrs. greying back hair, beard and moustache with a natural uncut dick that I hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that takes to it right. Dg sweat, hair holes, nipples, foreskin, lo-swingin balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no bull-shit note my way. I await is possible. Box 006

TEXAS

SON SEEKS MOIST DADDY. GWM 32 5'11" 170 lbs. handsome, well-built seeks Daddy 25-50 hung built, handsome, hopefully uncult & cigar smoker for love, hot sex attention. Son likes to be fucked W S C B. Needs to let training his Daddy phase send letter with photo and your worn lock. Your response gets same. JDD PO Box 191122 Dallas TX 75219

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL, CAGES OR INCARCERATION. GWM 32 5'8" 147 lbs seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are tall, athletic and aggressive. I am slim, smooth, delned. Fidelity desired. Limits expandable. Photos please. Sir RMS Box 270069 Houston Texas 77277

GWM AGE 45. New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits. Houston TX area. Box 3878

PRISON RAPE. Desires to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a turn-out? Make a 'punk' out of a 'sh'. Box 3853

W/M 29 5'10" 140 lbs seeks slave for long term B/D, Leather, Levi, No latex. I'm only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Mr Lense, P.O. Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234

HOT FOR SCOTT B. Trade filthy fantasies of raping and humiliating super straight "CHACHI". Make it raunchy and I'll reciprocate. Box 3931

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WASHINGTON

LEATHER SON SLAVE

Seeks leather Daddy into leather uniforms, boots, SM CBTA Torture and taking care of Daddy. m WM 35 6' 170M bearded bodybuilder. Rewarded with friendship and cuddling would be nice. Send letter with photo to Box 3487

MASTER

Daddy leather hot and dominant seeks permanent son slave 6' 155 lbs. 30's attractive very energetic. You are slim, smooth 20-35 submissive obedient hot buns, excellent cocksucker. You will be fully trained to meet all my needs. Shaving w/s, light b.d. loving s.m. verbal domination. Your pleasure derives from being my personal turtlslave. Appropriate application and photo to Box 3866

W M NOVICE 30

Interested in being broken in by Seattle area Master. Into all but scat. W. answer all replies. Call 206-329-1142 Days or midnight

LEATHERMAN MASTER

WM 47 5'7" 145, black hair, moustache, muscular into leather boots uniform. SM BD WS. Seeks slave-son. Reply with photo and your interests and limits. Box 3858

SLAVE NEEDED

Male 30's
Slave must be 18 to 28, slim under 150 lbs, light S&M, B&D WS toys and more. Picture is requested. Temporary or permanent. Greg, P.O. Box 71003 Seattle, WA 98107 7003

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SLAVE NEEDED

27 yr old Master 6'0" 195 lbs. Muscular is seeking a young slave boy. Slave must be slim or hunky, smooth chested, baby faced and prefer slave younger than master. Slave should be totally obedient & ready for B&D TT CB/T & whippings. Upper half nude picture requested, nude picture preferred. Master is level headed. Box 3607

WHIPPING BOY NEEDED

28 year old w.m. master 6'0" 195, muscular hairy chested. LEVEL HEADED is seeking a younger than master cute babyfaced, s.m. smooth hunky & we defined slaveboy. Should be ready for humilation B&D TT CB/T whipping (good and sound) and possibly some W/S. Nude and/or upper nude picture wanted. No tats or heavies. Phone #

appreciated. Athletic type studs especially. I am open minded. Race unimportant. Box 384

DADDY 35, 6', 175#, 8" CUT

Men into C B S M B D T T / W S and exhibitionism for fun and pleasure. Also accepting obedient and humbly slaves to be used for my total enjoyment. 18-40 photo and phone. Box 3885

WYOMING

WYOMING HARD HAT

into long hot sessions is taking applications for sons slaves-partners. 5'9" 155 8 thick uncut inches. If you can handle a man giving and taking heavy action, contact me with photo and letter. Be prepared to spend hours in a sing servicing construction workers, cowboys and truckdrivers. Punks, tats and tags need not apply. Box 3885

CANADA

BOTTOM, 37, 5'9", 160 LBS

Bearded, mustache likes to submit to big and strong dominant masters. Into humiliation, verbal abuse, bodywork, ship, armpits, tits, CB, feet, rimming, WS, bondage, shaving, some SM fantasies. Limits to be respected but can be carefully expanded. Willing to try new experiences. Loves to cuddle in between games. No FF or scat. Letters with photo get priority. Box 3770

TORONTO—HAIRY MALE

30 140 lbs 5'8" Swimmer's build. Seeks similar age 18-35 into asses, cocks, tits, jockstraps, sweat, versatile. Box 3854

HUNKY M

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WHIPPED KID

... Mine was then foster ...

Box 3924

BOTTOM MAN

5'9" 160 lbs. br. br. worship and service, beefy or muscular or slight to medium fat men. You demand, order, humiliate and punish me as is your right. I please you as is my duty. If you have the know-how and can also show affection, you will make me better and expand my limits. Please include photo with letter. No tats, no heavy SM that leaves damages. P.O. Box 872 Stat on H. Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8

DENIM J/O STUD

into jeans & jean jackets, boots, leather c gals, fantasy. 35 y.o. GWMM 5'11" 150 lb. very good looking, br. br. moustache with muscular body. Into luth, raunch and beating my own 8. Raunchy letter with pics gets same. Box 216 55 Mc Cowl Street Toronto Canada M5T 2W7

INTERNATIONAL

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MASTER WANTED

Offer myself as a lifelong total slave. Fuck and torture animal to a very raunchy, extremely sadistic Master. Tattoos a plus. Am 43 5'9" 140 cul

dark hair, hairy, slim. Good buns and tits. Need financial aid to relocate. Am serious. So are you. Sir Box 3877

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AMERICAN, 33, 5'11", 160 LBS

In Kaiserlautern W. Germany. Leather and Uniform scenes. Looking for G.I.s, Tommies, Punks, Krauts, Cops, etc. into same. No hard drugs, FF or mutilation. All other options negotiable. Bondage and bikes a plus. Offer back home, so stateside replies welcome. Complete discretion assured. I know you're out there and I know it's tough to make contact. I've got a lot to lose and so do you, but we'll never meet if you don't write. It's worth it. Box 3885

FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40c per 1/2 ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED

30 yr old Master 6'0" 160 lbs. Moving from U.S.A. to Perth. Attractive is seeking a young boy-slave 18-30. Slave must be slim or hunky and baby faced or handsome. Moustache preferred. I want a HOT BOY SLAVE who is totally obedient and ready for B&D TT CB/T. Shaving and Piercing. Master is level headed and caring. Upper-half nude picture requested with letter. Box 3865

CAMEL SMOKIN BOOZIN SWEARIN

Stinkin snortin and greasy filth break lookin for same with lotsa filthy fat toes. Animal top lookin for cowwadded horsedicked chain smokin tobacco break for endless filthy erogenous scat. I slim. Lookin for loner who lives in dirty dark gloomy holed turd houses like me. Here or in U.S. dig tobacco, scat, tattoos and big thick nicotine stained greasy fingers like mine plus chains, leather, pissin shitting and all the rest. Hex types a real plus also thick greased black hair. Box 3940

BRAZIL

LATE 20s, 135#, 5'8"

8' and, swimmer's body in Southern Brazil into CB BD WS etc. Let me meet anyone passing through or exchange is stories, jocks, etc. Box 384

ENGLAND

LEATHERBOY, BOYISH 29

Tattoos, piercings, full leather including chaps, boots, etc. wants his arse fucked and FF with sensual titwork by well hung hunky topman. When in London phone 602 3347 (Tony) or write with foto. Box 3976

BONDAGE SLAVE SON

English bottom 33 seeks contact world wide with experienced master/daddies. Slave son ready to serve is into rubber, leather uniforms, hoods, masks, bondage suspension and more. Hospitality offered in London for visitors. All photos and application forms answered. Sir Box 3953

GERMANY

LIMITLESS D R TSCENES

Wanted by experienced male 42 5'11" 160 looking for gigs into mutual and top tit work, piss, snort, scat, puking, enemas, sweat, beer and trips. Also have a lot of rubber and leather gear. I keep mud, grease, catheter, fool and

boots fetish. Interested in world wide contacts. Box 3785

BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170

Bl bearded uncut into L.C. FR a p. GR p tits coming to US wants to meet leathermen. Send Ph Nr to Hans G. Blass 74 Strassmannstr #1120 1000 Berlin 61 West Germany

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

In SM BD TT shaving kink (NO scat, games and gamerooms) wants to meet interested and interesting men into same. Age race not important. Send photo description of your scene to Postfach 420 515 1000 Berlin 42 West Germany

BERLIN, GERMAN

63, 185, dk. bid, moust into w/L and related activities. Not just limited to bdsm cat tort shvg experiments wants to meet men into some all or more of the above. Traveling quite often. Send Ir of your scene and photo to Box 3946

ITALY

ACTIVE SLAVE

Italian 39, eat sportsman, brown hair, green eyes, muscular macho type. Desire to serve dominant master. Into heavy training, whips, flogging, FF, verbal abuse, etc. Prefer bodybuilder. Travel in USA. Hospitality in Milan. Interception member. Photo required which gets mine in return. Box 3838

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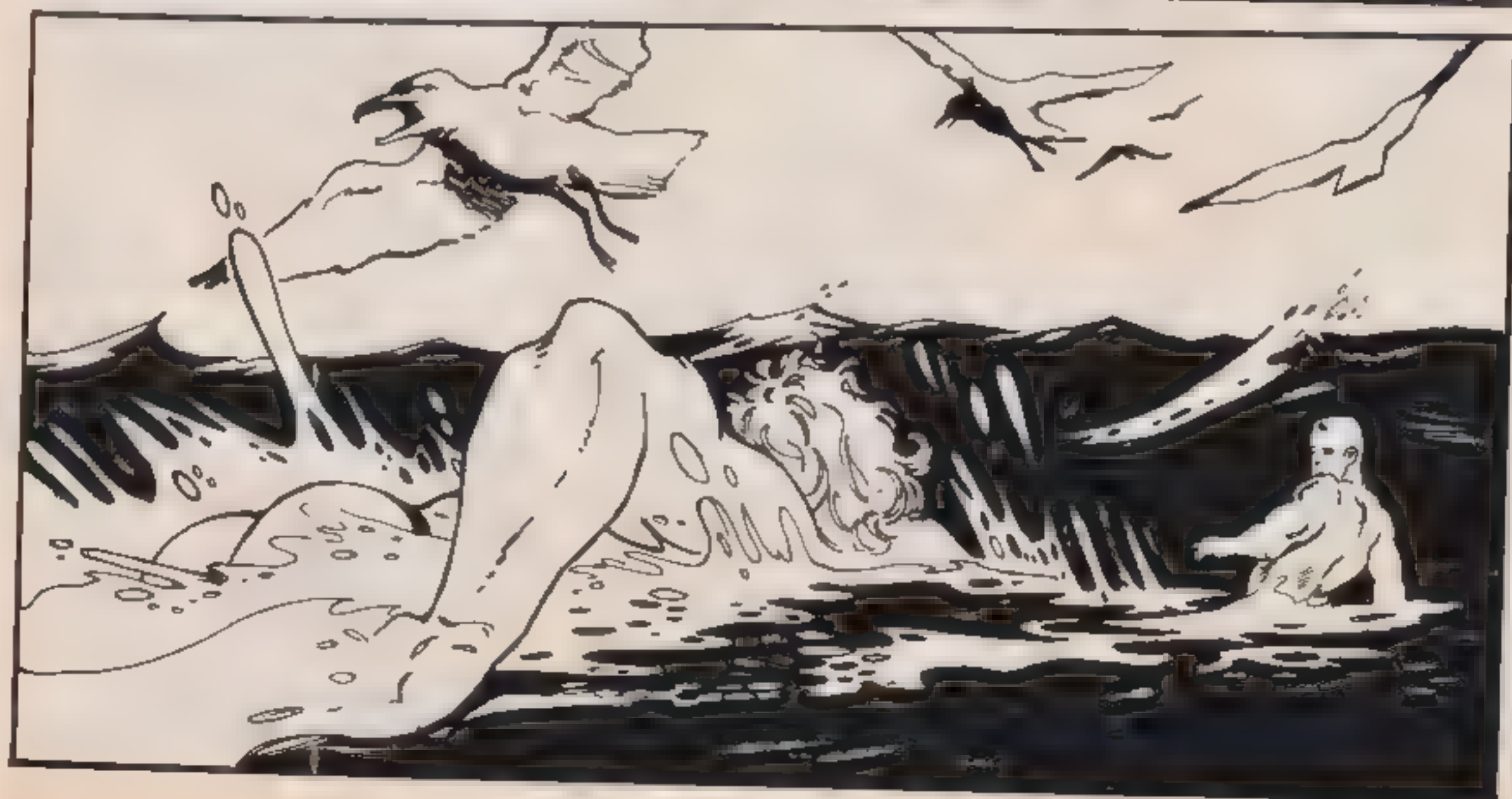
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If I had a dime for every time I've heard (or used) the term "brotherhood" to reference that special, mutual regard we leathermen have for one another, I'd be a rich man. Although using it hasn't made me rich, experiencing it has made me a happy man.

There is brotherhood, however, and then there is Brother—as in Big A bit about him before getting to us.

Although the flood of Orwellian references we've already seen this year is perhaps becoming a little tiring, the concepts behind those references constitute the need for a continuous vigilance. Unhappily, we are still subject to varying degrees of the threat (if not the reality) of oppression.

Ask Bryan Darbyshire, publisher of "Men Cruising Men," a quarterly contact leaflet headquartered in London. Zealous police raided Darbyshire's offices last month and confiscated everything but the mailing lists, which he wisely kept in another location. Victoria, it seems, continues to rule Great Britain from her grave, with the aid of modern enforcement.

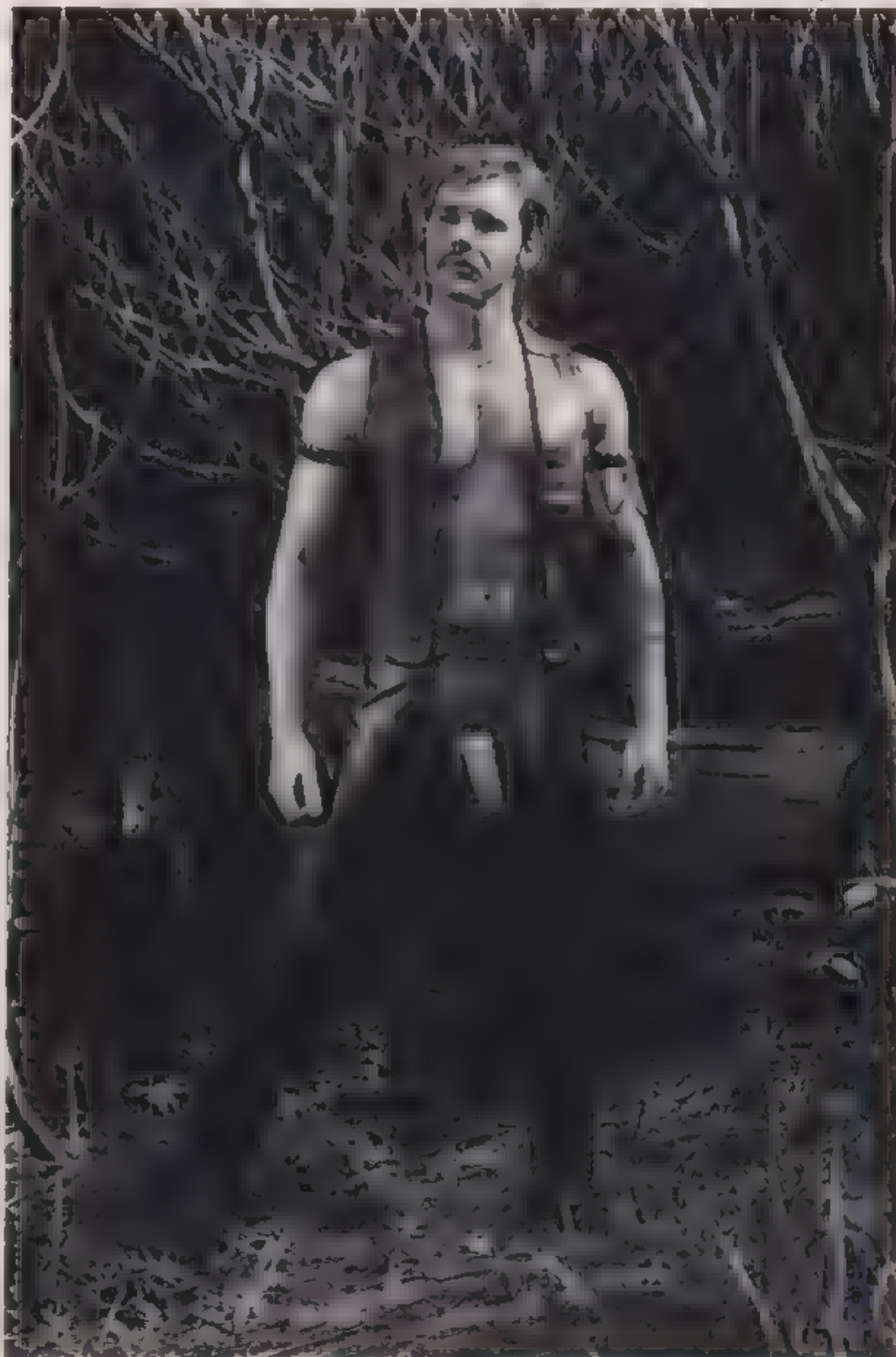
This incident, as we all know, is a repeat performance of similar incidences of oppression *ad nauseum* that cumulatively test our will to love whomever we wish in whatever style, without government interference.

It's been said that the strongest cable known to man is made of pubic hair. One would think that governments and law enforcement agencies would have long since made note of that fact. That and the fact that, as a sexual minority, our ties with one another are made of that cable—a cable that is cemented and re-cemented with new loads of come regularly. Because it feels so good, it's very unlikely that we'll ever stop. And there are so many of us, bound together by specialized sexual and social interests, that organizations operate in locations all over the world to serve our needs. Through those organizations, which include clubs and businesses, leathermen form a vast network of the above-mentioned pubic-hair cable.

Most of us involved to any degree, however, know that sex, regardless of how ravenously pursued, isn't all there is between the leathermen who make up our numbers. Members of even our most clandestine organizations occasionally pull themselves away from the unspeakably lurid action (but only for, say, 10% of their waking hours) to develop, believe it or not, friendships with one another. So

many have done this, in fact, that some leathermen actually have more friends than sex partners. Whether or not that's universally true, what is true is that most

of us have friends with whom we may or may not have sex. It is also true that whether or not we know him, the sight of another leatherman on the street sparks a



REIGN'S END: One last look at Lorn Hardcastle (for now, anyway), who's drawing close to the end of his reign as 1983 Mr. Outpost Toronto (Canada), and who will best be remembered as the 1st Runner-Up in the 1983 Mr. International Leather Contest. Or maybe he'll best be remembered as the Best Wet Dream of 1983. Or maybe as the 1984 Leather Valentine, a title he deserves, even if it doesn't exist. Chances are you'll see more of Lorn Hardcastle in 1984, and 1985, and... Photo by Manifest/Canada

feeling of regard for him. This is an element of the brotherhood mentioned at the beginning of this column. Our clubs and coalitions of clubs are manifest examples of brotherhood at work.

A case in point is Interchain. It's a relatively informal contact club with an efficient communications system to facilitate intercourse, both social and sexual. According to its published promotional material, "Interchain is an international organization exclusively for leather, leather form and SM guys, with members in the USA, Canada, South America, Australia, New Zealand, Europe, North Africa and the Middle East." Every three months members receive a plain brown envelope containing a list of other members who are seeking contact with "persons of specific interests." Members are entitled to have their names included on this list which includes names, addresses, phone numbers, and information about specific interests that is printed in a code decipherable only by use of a code key provided to members when they first join. (Members sign an agreement when they join which states that they will provide neither the list nor the code key to anyone else, in whole or in part.)

"Membership in Interchain is what each member decides to make of it," said Artie Haber, the US Director of Interchain. "Most of us have made good friends through Interchain."

Haber, 38, has handled Interchain's operations in the U.S. and Canada for the past four years from his New York City digs. His involvement with leather organizations have included a long stint with New York City's now-defunct Cycle MC, as well as having worked as a bartender at Keller's and The Den in their heyday. "My involvement with those people filled me with a lot of love and respect for leather," he said. Another word Haber might have used to describe his feelings for leather is devotion. Although the bulk of Interchain's membership of approximately one thousand leathermen live in Europe, the US and Canadian membership, at just under two hundred and fifty men, consumes a big chunk of Haber's spare time, closet space to store paperwork, and costs him money as well.

"Most non-members think that because we're a contact club, we're a business. Although many contact organizations are businesses, Interchain isn't. The only thing we sell is the club's t-shirt. You'd be amazed at how much money I drag home from my job to spend on Interchain mailing and telephone costs. The greater part of the membership fees we collect here go to Switzerland to cover the printing of our quarterly membership roster," he told me. "But I do this because I love what this organization is about, and have made close friends of many of the members. If it ever became work for me, I'd resign. Since I enjoy it, though, it's more like a hobby."



SLAB PECS STRIKES AGAIN: The second of a proposed *Leather Bare Chest* contest at The Arena, a popular San Francisco leather bar, netted Australian-born Steve Green (right) as the best example of nipples-on-muscles. Previous winner Mike Merritt (left) and Steve are the first pair of pairs The Arena will use in a 1985 calendar devoted to Bare Chests. We'll keep you abreast as the year fills out. Photo by Rink.

Established by a longtime friend of Haber's, Wolfgang Hein, Interchain will be celebrating its ninth year of operation in May. Although Haber put his head together with Hein to discuss its formation before the club became a reality, he chose to be "only a member" during the club's first four years. It took Hein that long to convince Haber to solicit, organize and maintain an American membership. "Because he had so long a head start," said Haber, "the European membership is considerably larger than the American."

With approximately a thousand members in more than twenty countries under his wing, Hein's workload has got to be heavy. He's responsible for getting the quarterly roster information together, getting it printed, and mailing it out from his headquarters in Effretikon, Switzerland, to all members outside the US and Canada (he ships those to Haber for distribution). Among his other functions is handling correspondence to and from a special category of members identified as ICS (Interchain Confidential Service). Those are members who don't wish to be contacted directly on an initial basis by other members until they've been screened by one of the Interchain offices. Anyone who wants to make an initial contact with an ICS member must forward their letter to either Haber or Hein, depending upon the location of the ICS

member. Haber and Hein are committed to forward this correspondence within forty-eight hours of receipt.

Although Hein bypasses it, Haber produces a quarterly newsletter for US and Canadian members that he mails out with the latest copy of the club roster.

One of the things the newsletter does, in addition to keeping members abreast of club news, is to provide a vehicle for raising money for AIDS charities. We just completed a raffle by mail, and we're about to start another," said Haber.

Interchain's contributions to various AIDS charities has been heaviest in San Francisco, where local member Alan Selby led the effort for organizing three fundraisers that netted more than \$12,000 last year. Selby and partner Peter Jacklin own and operate Mr. S. Products, a leather clothing/toy manufacturing and retail operation with a strong wholesale business in this country and Europe. In spite of the time demands of running that business, Selby secured community participation and handled a myriad of other details such as soliciting donations of raffle and auction items (armed only with altruistic intent and his silver tongue). He teamed up with the management and staffs of three of San Francisco's leather bars—The Brig, Chaps and the SF Eagle—to create two new annual titles ("Daddy and "Daddy's Boy"), three entertaining benefit events and a strong measure of

support for San Francisco's AIDS patients. He's presently working again with Chuck Slaton, owner of Chaps, to produce another event next month. Slated for March 21 at Chaps, the event will combine an auction, drawings for raffle prizes and a contest to pick "Mr. South of Market" a contest title that *Drummer* relinquished rights to as a donation to the event.

"I encourage members in other cities to duplicate Alan's effort. This organization is about brotherhood, and helping AIDS patients during this crisis is a perfect demonstration of that brotherhood," said Haber. When asked about European involvement in fundraisers for AIDS charities, Haber explained that European members have been given none of the information about AIDS that Americans have. "Right now, if a New Yorker were to say where he lives to someone in a European bar, he'd find himself suddenly standing alone. Europeans are panic-stricken. They haven't shown any interest in the ping," he said.

Apparently, initial contacts are still accepted by European members, in spite of the AIDS crisis, from selected American members. Established friendships between trans-Atlantic members continue to grow and hospitality is still extended whether or not a sex scene is. This is true largely because of the confidence Interchain members have in one another. This confidence is reinforced (especially important where initial contacts are being considered) by Interchain's careful screening of applicants for new memberships. New members must either be sponsored by another Interchain member or prove membership in an established leather organization. A personal photograph and a detailed application form join any correspondence to form each member's file. Should he violate the club's rules, he's subject to ejection from membership and the rest of Interchain is alerted via an "International Warning List" that notifies everyone that his membership is no longer valid. Although it hasn't happened very often, it's a protection system enforced by each member. Discretion is one of the strictly enforced club rules, as well as considerations like honesty—whether sexual or material. "This self-policing club policy protects both Interchain and our members," explained Haber.

Drummer readers whose interests may cause them to linger over our classified ads may have noticed that one or another of those advertisers have in the past included a note identifying themselves as Interchain members. That membership serves as a solid recommendation.

US and Canadian readers may secure more information about Interchain membership by writing Arthur Haber at Box 410/Downstairs, 132 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011 (English language inquiries only). Readers located elsewhere in the world should contact Wolf-



NEW LINES ON OLD MARKINGS: Keeping the art of the body tattoo up to date and in the public's eyes. The King of Hearts still-talked-about tattoo party has threatened to repeat itself and not just in Los Angeles. As you can see, tattooing nowadays is anything but Mom and *Anchor's Away!* But we're wondering if that man's face below those explicit cockshots is really Jerry Falwell—and if it is—what does it mean? Photo by Joe Tollenbach.

gang Hein at PO Box 174, CH-8307, Ettlikon, Switzerland. Hein accepts inquiries written in English, French or German.

MC NEWS & EVENTS

A few of the other clubs that comprise our brotherhood have reported some upcoming events that I'd like to review (too) quickly with the promise of more complete attention in future columns.

The Empire City MC is celebrating its 20th anniversary with a series of events. New York City-based, they're the oldest gay motorcycle club on the East Coast. Anniversary events include the annual Bike Christening, June 1; a Biker's Picnic, June 2; a two-week tour (August 22 through September 5) of the Eastern US that will include a major stop in Washington DC, to play with the Spartan MC at their Marathon Run; and The Run and Celebration (October 5-8) which will include bar tours, bike and people events, Broadway theatre (*La Cage aux Folles*), dinners, brunch and a final big bash at The Saint. Preregistration forms and more information are available from 20th Anniversary Committee, Empire City Motorcycle Club, PO Box 2543, GPO, NYC, NY 10116.

Another anniversary. The Crucible MC of Pittsburgh will celebrate its second anniversary the weekend of March 23-25. Events will include contests sponsored by the visiting North Coast Knights of Cleveland, and a "Whips on Wheels" program by the Chicago Hellfire Club. Registration is \$45 through Feb. 29, \$50 thereafter. For more information, contact The Crucible MC, Box 2951, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.

A welcome salute to the Cowtown Leather Club, newly formed in Fort Worth, Texas, the new & re-formed Cycle Runners in San Francisco, and the recently formed Superlink in Manchester, England.

A couple of trans-Atlantic notes: London's RMC is planning a snappy club trip to Amsterdam, May 25-28, and last, but definitely not least, those hot sons-of-Vikings, the SLM-Stockholm members have announced the dates of their Baltic Battle as June 8-11.

By the time this hits the streets, the San Francisco GDI MC will already have held their 10th Anniversary Cocktail Party and Buffet Dinner to kick off a year of events. Congratulations!

Go hug your pet man.

—Tom Rogers

DRUMMEDIA

MOVIES

SOMETHING ABOUT DADDIES

Curt MacDowell stopped identifying himself gay-first about the time he first identified himself as gay. He set about a process of self-exposure, leaping across sex barriers—camera to the fore, camera to the rear—with a strong sense of history, humor, pop music, memories of a convent onal Indiana boyhood, visions of an unconventional manhood, and the ability to inveigle “straight” men into erotically compromising positions... on film.

Strong, uncluttered images, after 33 MacDowell films, are never put together in the same way—so they’re not readily marketable in the usual areas; neither formula “X” nor “experimental,” and not always recognizably gay. He can display women naked and aroused so fondly they can be neither ignored nor demeaned (so much for the ghetto purist); or take his “virgins”—Curt’s word for the heterosexual male introduced to getting his cock sucked by someone else who has one—and mix-and-match them with his-or-hers fantasies (there goes gender parity with its definitive separation of the sexes); maybe spoof the gothic thriller and hilariously send up Tennessee Williams (MacDowell’s *Thundercrack*) with explicit graphic, all-out fucking action (dreadfully disturbing to the audience to have to deal with uncontrollable laughter and hard-ons at the same time); have *Ronnie* narrate a hustling experience in what amounts to the ultimate amateur visual classified ad (there goes the advertizing biz); and direct his own uncensored *Confessions* (this is my life—want some buddy?)

While MacDowell’s films find acceptance wherever they show, reluctant to rave as reviewers might be considering the ordinary hang-ups, they haven’t a permanent niche. They could turn up at New York’s Museum of Modern Art or in a church basement, underground cinematheques, the British Film Archives, universities, art houses, regular rep theatres or private homes. Tributes and retrospectives are emerging at international film festivals in Berlin, Seattle, San Francisco (Gay), Hollywood (1st Erotic), and this month in Antwerp, Belgium.

As many artists do, MacDowell is working through his medium to get at something else. “Discovering how I got the way I am... What is this impasse between heterosexual men and women? They created me, but...” Curt explores a step further in his latest film, *Stand By*. “The biggest myste—of life is man’s prick—that it dictates everything he does. How am I different from my father?” Casual, inevitable questions that go through every-

one’s mind at one time or another, but when subjected to the MacDowell Method, come out something like this:

Stand By is dedicated to a prime-time image of the Old Man, a certain snapshot of MacDowell’s father that captured a generation ago what nobody’s pop usually reveals (not the revelation of what Curt calls his “Ozzie and Harriet” type-folks, anyway)—an insouciant pose on a sunny beach, a little fuzzy in focus to put the stamp of time on it, faraway man with an easy smile, an unaccustomed squint and nothing under the white duck trousers but something else to smile about—large, long and lazy. A photo to jack off to when you’re thirteen, if your mom doesn’t go red and burn it.

Other frequent inset episodes (with variations) are Sis lounging on the bed scanning through the family album, conjuring up a succession of male visitors (“found footage” of ’60s San Francisco or the hunkier passers-by, in and out of Snaketinger’s “Beatnik” party; or an Afghan rippling back of a firm, full-

sculptured ass waiting for something to get around to it. Real men trade off with potent ghosts and mirrors don’t reflect images—they correct them. The whole is a memorial to the senior MacDowell, immortalized at his peak, who died two years ago. It’s pieces of everyone’s history hung together in swift montage breaks accompanied by complete songs (the “record album,” as in *Taboo: The Single and the LP*, is a favored MacDowell format).

MacDowell’s just had what he thinks is a crucial birthday and *Stand By* is a present, a celluloid extension of the American Dream... flag, Mom and apple pie fragmented and blown through the 16mm looking-glass lens comes out—flag, Dad... and more apple pie.

Stand-by: Something familiar and strong to lean on; a power pole to hitch your wires to and switch on the juice.

Stand by! The media call to attention—stop, look and listen; this is a temporary interruption for an important message.

Stand By Your Man

—Penni Kimmel

DRUMMER 79



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DRUMEDIA

VIDEO

PSYCHOSEX

Let's start with Gentleman Dan, one of four men who appear in solo sections of *Old Reliable VT 17*. First off, Dan is no gentleman. Psychotic, probably. Foul-mouthed, assuredly Sexy—that depends on how abusive you like your tricks. Physically appealing, especially if you like lean young hard bodies spotted with tattoos. Gentleman Dan is a street punk, pure and simple; tough, opportunistic, insincere, callous, dangerous, a social parasite. The kind of mythical stud that preys on passive gays. The alleged 'straight' man homosexuals are accused of sexually coveting (for those of you who believe all that psychobabble bullshit).

Let me guess he's about 24 or 25 years o.d. It's hard to tell in the drug milieu exactly how old anyone is, speed and MDA and whatever tears the body down so fast. His body has the hard lean look of the streets, healthy, to be sure, because it's hard in only 25 years to destroy a body completely; it's working hard to keep

VT 17, Old Reliable; 1984, features entire cast direct video; Beta/VHS, \$59.95 plus \$3 shipping. Signed statement required, brochures available (inquiry necessary), Old Reliable, 1626 N. Wilcox #107 Hollywood CA 90028.

itself maintained. Not the flush of real health, but the pale facade of leanness that passes for strength under the right lamppost, in the shadows of the right doorway. I don't know for a fact that Gentleman Dan is a street hustler—just like I don't know his age for a fact, or that he takes drugs for a fact—but that is the impression I have of him from his stint on this videotape. Experience makes him 'readable,' and he reads like a thug.

All right, someone somewhere is saying to stop being so snide—and who knows, maybe Gentleman Dan is, deep down inside, your basic nice guy, gentle to a fault. I doubt it. I'm sure, even if it's true, he doesn't want you to think so. He goes out of his way to reiterate how "wonderful" and "desirable" and "straight" he is, how superior his "straightness" is to your faggotry. How sick you are for watching him.

That's right, *Old Reliable VT 17* is a videotape about straight boys. Or at least self-declared straight boys.

Four specimens of alleged heterosexuality parade (sometimes literally) before the camera, strip, talk, flex their muscles (in some case muscles is a metaphor) and beat off. A few have a few words for the viewer. A couple talk to the cameraman. Gentleman Dan talks about the cameraman as well.

Old Reliable began by producing audio tapes (which they still do), mainly sexual conversations with rough trade types, ex-

cons, hustlers, a few butch queens thrown in for good measure. But rough trade, as a class, has changed over the years. What used to mean blowing a declared-heterosexual while he called you a "dirty taggot" has evolved into a complex array of sexual acts that are still based on humiliation, but much closer to SM than disgust, and an SM with all its trappings of consent.

It's too easy to attack a gay man's desire to copulate with heterosexuals. Like too



Gentleman Dan, from *Old Reliable VT 17*

much else in civilization, the labels come quickly to the tip of the tongue: self-contempt, repressed guilt, improper toilet training, a list ad nauseum. What is seldom taken into consideration is how permeated the mythology of heterosexuality is in our gay culture, how scant are role models without feet of clay. While few cosmopolitan homosexuals would readily admit it over cocktails in the upwardly-mobile designer living rooms

the case is too often some teenage gay naïf on his knees sucking off a truck-driver in a highway restroom and learning the litany of heterosexual oppression while he becomes orally adept at fulfilling his own not-always-understood sexual desires. While heterosexuals are unquestionably the worst possible sexual role model for the budding gay man, they still dominate that field in all but the most advanced environment.

There is also the position that there are no real heterosexuals, especially when one finds another man's mouth attached to the end of an alleged heterosexual's sexual organ. As Boyd MacDonald put it (about alleged-heterosexuals who reiterate their self-proclaimed classification while unbuckling their pants), "They are all actors."

The "act" in VT 17 is a ritual, to be sure; proved over the ages to hold some sway, both roles are great deceptions—like the finest theatrical fare—with both parties confident each has turned in the better performance. The heterosexual postures: *I was so drunk I didn't know it was a man sucking me off. I need the money and if this shiny fag wants to suck my dick, he'll have to pay for the privilege. I can't get at my girlfriend, she's out of town/on the rag, and this fag's mouth is second-best.* The homosexual postures: *He thinks I'm being humiliated, when the truth is he's sacrificing his precious heterosexuality by giving in. He thinks he's straight, but he's prostituting his straightness to me like a whore—like a woman. By seducing this heterosexual I conquer society's rejection of my gayness.*

There are enough adages and untruths about the relationship between heterosexuals and gay men to fill volumes, which is pretty much what has happened. Polarized relations within gay society line up behind two absolutes that are as miscalculated as any other socio-sexual hypothesis: *Gay men who desire non-gay men hold themselves in self-contempt (and) Gay men who seduce non-gay men liberate both themselves and their object of seduction.* The reality lies somewhere between both myths.

VT 17 has another side, as an expose of the frailty of heterosexuality and its posture. For the sake of argument let's assume that the four men who appear on this tape are not total strangers to either the filmmaker or the concept of homosexuality (the evidence points in that direction). There is a degree of trust between camera and subject. The subject believes—correctly or otherwise—that the camera will faithfully record his desirability, his "straightness," his physical attributes at their best and therefore most seductive advantage, reinforcing and sharpening the main draw—the straight man allowing his sexuality to be explored and admired from the safety of a technological distance.

But the camera does not lie, at least not

much, anyway. A myth cannot be sustained beyond a certain point; the myth begins to crumble, finally to dissolve. At one point, in an outbreak of psychosis that is probably VT 17's high-watermark (as well as a visual page from Kraft-Ebing), Gentleman Dan screams that the viewer is "sick" for sitting there and watching him spread open his asshole, then adds that he himself is even "sicker" than the viewer for doing it—a tirade that erupts into a volcano of verbal abuse until the subject seems to come unhinged and demands that the camera be turned off.

In another episode the subject collapses (the actual disability edited) while playing "boxer" for the camera. A visual jump reveals the voice of the cameraman soothing the "failed" lightweight, and the subject admitting he is not used to such over-taking exercise. In other words, he is unable to live up to the lie.

But sex itself, while being the ultimate reality, may equally be the ultimate deception, a consistent if seeming inconsistency, and VT 17 illustrates that the lies about heterosexuality are everywhere.

Structurally, as a document, VT 17 is weak. The role of four men presented in almost exactly the same set piece could have been more creatively undertaken. The four men were asked to do two or three of four things: show off their body, masturbate, talk to the camera, exercise/work out. Without sacrificing what is

obviously conceived as *cinema verité*, VT 17 could do with some flexibility—especially if this number is part of a long line of similar sexual extrapolations.

There is, beyond the obvious, an audience (albeit small) for the material contained in VT 17 among those gays who have grown up post-liberation in totally nurturing environments. (It also occurs to me that homophobic heterosexual women would adore it.) Still, one whose taste buds towards oppressive heterosexuals might well be satiated through this indirect approach.

Old Reliable is to be congratulated for excessive bravery. If the material is not all sham (these street punks really a harmless but convincing act), then the filmmaker laid it on the line even undertaking to create this specialized genre of porn making. Either that, or he is the ultimate masochist.

Tech quality is above average; the one camera set-up is used well and is fluid more times than not. A lin ail, rarefied but damn-near unforgettable.

THE DEVIL & THE DEEP

Back in the heyday of Hollywood, the studio was boss: actors and directors and screenwriters worked, pretty much, nine to five, churning out product (an inside-business expression for... just about anything), treating assignments like assignments, occasionally stumbling over



—from Old Reliable VT 17

a little gem of a script and giving it an extra something, hoping the front office wouldn't come down like a ton of bricks for getting too experimental, too artsy, too non-commercial.

Sure, there was the isolated masterpiece, classic films where the reins on the director weren't too tight, titles that themselves make up the legend of the

Street Kids, directed by Christopher Rage 1984, Live Video Inc., features entire cast 64 minutes, color, direct video, \$89 plus \$3 shipping. Beta/VHS, Live Video Inc., 165 West 46th Street, Suite 812, New York, NY 10036. Brochure available. Signed statement required.

legendary Hollywood heyday: *Casablanca*, *Lost Weekend*, *On The Waterfront*, *A Streetcar Named Desire* and the like. But for the most part, Hollywood turned out ten times as much dreck as it did outstanding productions. It's the same in porn.

The thing that broke the back of Hollywood was the unique signature of certain directors that was permeated throughout their work, however insincere the source material. Directors like George Cukor, Fritz Lang, John Huston, Otto Preminger—working under fairly cut-and-dried studio formula—created extraordinary films, not all of which were understood or heralded when they were first released. But this backbone of semi-independence became the mainstay of memorable cinema, the auteur film.

It's the same in porn. Miles and miles of mindless fucking and sucking are supplanted and surpassed by a handful of creative, visionary, daring experimentalists who have and are still shaping the face, if not the very nature of erotica. Unfortunately, you can count them on the fingers of one hand and still have room to hold a cocktail.

High at the head of this rare class is Christopher Rage, extraordinarily so—his films, more and more, are less and less like what has come before. He strains at the boundary of traditional porn filmmaking (with one foot in film and the other in video technology) at the vibrating edge of what is acceptable sexual stimulus. He is, as of late, simply not interested in remaking the tried and true boy-meets-boy, everything here is at the mercy of the vision.

The effect? Devastating more times than not. The commercial possibilities? We are a culture that craves plastic above all other textures.

Street Kids is 64 minutes of porn verité structured as a private viewing by the devil of his latest collection of sexual misfits. The salon is held, for the most part, in an unfinished room in a building that mortar and bricks—strains to reach the clouds. Individuals are taken to the fire escape, where they chant their histories in the best man-on-the-street talking-head style. Some come from broken homes, some do not. Some hustle, some never have. A few reach down and

scratch their balls out of camera range, so engrossed are they in the act of making confession. Each is far beyond the salvation expounded by the establishment world of a house, a car, thee and me and fidelity. They are as the title implies.

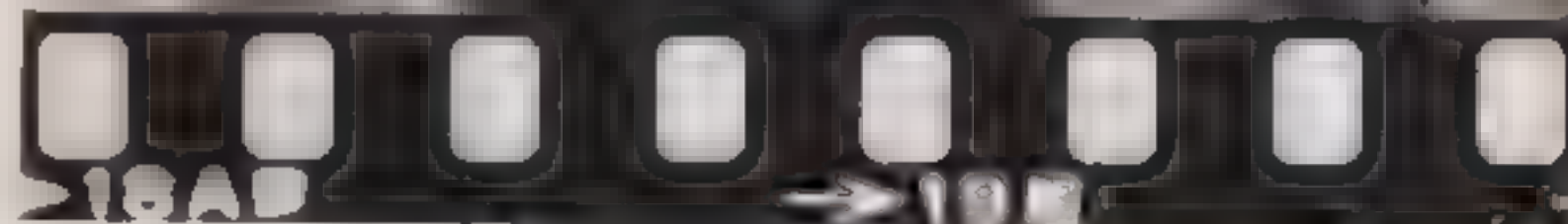
Who cares? That seems to be the point—but not in your run-of-the-mill social documentary way. Who cares is a tall, tuxedoed figure with long painted fingernails and a shaven head (Christopher Rage himself), who sings the video's opening and closing song.

Yes, this porn production has a song and not your "The-grass-is-green-and-so-are-you-I-love-you-so-much-it-hurts variety, but an upbeat, wicked, finger-snapping ditty that adds a heavyweight air to ethereal visuals.

But, you see, Christopher Rage is like that, never giving an inch, never cutting it down to a dull roar—when he can have Niagara Falls or The Grand Coulee Dam instead. Take it to the very edge of possibilities, that seems to be his motto.

But what about the balls of *Street Kids*? Well, there are fifteen pairs, all, except one, in a perpetual state of near-eruption. The *Street Kids* range from a green-eyed Latino named Eddie with a fat ten-inch cock to a blond Marine bodybuilder with slab pecs and thighs that make thunder. It's all here, in solos, pairs, three-ways groups; sex repeated in all its infinite variety under the devil's sincere and watchful eyes. The assortment is fairly representative of the male side of the human race—the devil's domain is, after all, all inclusive.

An organic religious quality? Okay, we'll go with that—*Street Kids* has an organic religious quality. Missing are the sterility and the ritualization; otherwise, what we have here is sex in a pagan church.



The Devil and two of his *Street Kids*

JANE BONDA? YOU BET YOUR ASS!

It had to happen, and it couldn't have been better parodied than in Jane Bonda's *Bizarre Workout*, the words' first SM aerobics workout tape. That's right, Jane Bonda (played to the hilt by Pia Sands) comes complete with spike-heeled boots, studded collar and whip, ready to discipline her class (Robert Lakewood, Melanie Scott and some unnamed others) into shape. Or...well, you know what

tape Bonda's *Bizarre Workout*, stars entire cast, Fantasy Productions, 1983, 60 minutes, Beta/VHS, \$79.95 plus \$2 shipping. Bizarre Video Productions, Box 212 Westminster, CA 92683.

happens when the instructor tells you to do something and you don't do it or don't do it right...you do it again! And again! And if you still can't cut the mustard, you get the paddle, or the whip, or have to ride the vibrating bicycle...that's what!

Or worse. Like the time Jane Bonda went to work out with a client in his office and wound up having to put a chastity device on his cock and balls to keep him on line (It seems his boss also suffered a similar restraint from Miss Jane Bonda and is still wearing it!).

Or the time a young coed client couldn't get over her desires for chocolate cake and hot fudge and ice cream and champagne until Jane Bonda dumped her in a wading pool and dumped all that sticky goo on top of her. (As Jane says, "If you're gonna eat the stuff, you might as well wear it!")

Jane Bonda's *Bizarre Workout* is clever, sexy, relentless and well executed. However, this is a softcore video (nudity but no sex). Still, it's slightly sexy and very funny. A hardcore version would be an absolute delight.

John W. Rowberry

Leather Valentine

by Tom Rogers

How does a leatherman celebrate Valentine's Day? Does he leap with his lover into that annual saccharine flood of hearts and flowers, or does he reinforce his authority by administering discipline more intensely than usual to mark the occasion?

A search for a universally acceptable answer might lead one to ponder the moral of a famous romance of the Charlemagne cycle, entitled *Valentine and Orson*. Twin brothers, they are carried off—Orson by a bear, to be reared amid savage surroundings; Valentine by his uncle, King Pepin, who brings him up as a courtier. Many years after their separation, Orson, the epitome of uncouthness, and Valentine, with his courtly good manners and *noblesse oblige*, meet in a forest and recognize each other despite their apparent differences—whose superficiality is thus demonstrated by the story. Ignoring the temptation to generate an erotic fantasy about the specifics of their meeting in that forest, the reference

to the story here serves to illustrate that, while we are all remarkably the same in that we are bound together, we are also remarkably different from one another in our style of presentation.

Investigation into the origins of this annual celebration offers little to a leatherman except, perhaps, cause to wonder how Saint Valentine became the patron saint of lovers. He was a Roman priest (and possibly identical with Valentine, bishop of Spoleto, who was martyred February 14, A.D. 271). One might imagine situations where this priest (or bishop) cast aside his vows of celibacy to experience the romantic love that we celebrate in his memory. An adult nudge may also remind us that, as with the story of Valentine and Orson, not every love is sexually communicated. Yet another adult nudge may further remind us that we are seeking a satisfactory manner in which leathermen can celebrate St. Valentine's Day, and it's unlikely that platonic platitudes, whether descriptive of

brotherly love or not, enjoy much priority among regular *Drummer* readers.

Our withdrawal from the above ancient history and progression to the other end of the spectrum requires acknowledging a man whom history generally labels as a sexual rogue. Although he didn't invent it, the Marquis de Sade exemplified and recorded the dynamics of his favorite sexual delivery with such success that said delivery and all its accumulated embellishments are named in his honor. His contribution of sadism as one of the main wings of the libertine philosophy was given a flip side by Austrian novelist von Sacher-Masoch, whose view from the bottom is now known as masochism. The two concepts are generally joined as sadomasochism, or more briefly, SM.

Leathermen among us whose relationships with their lovers follow an SM structure may be inclined to exchange verbal messages or greeting cards, following accepted Valentine's Day practice to communicate their mutual devotion. Since these amatory missives will have their content as minutely tested for commitment as everything else is tested in an SM relationship, it seems appropriate to point out that they should be very carefully worded. Commitment in an SM relationship is so strong an expectation that it justifies repeating one leatherman's recent flip remark identifying SM as an abbreviation of Say it and Mean it.

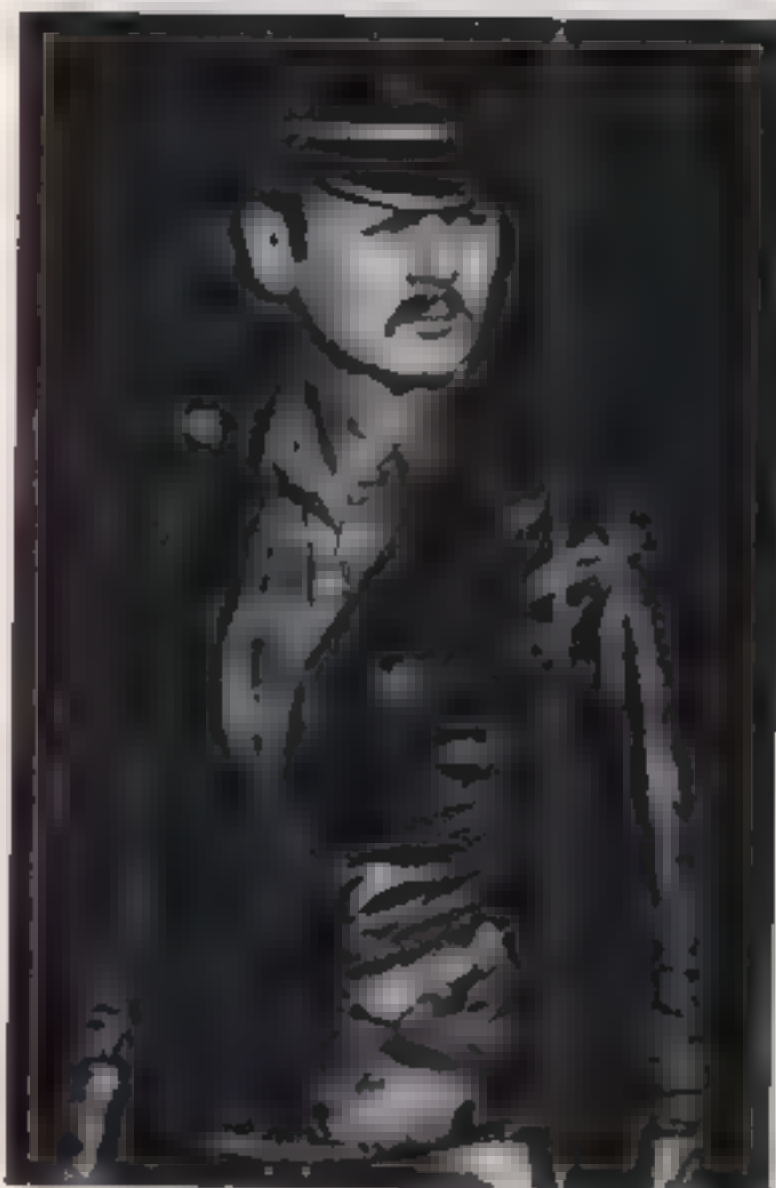
For that reason, this is not an appropriate occasion, for example, for a fist-fucking bottom to use a tongue-in-cheek message like the t-shirt proclamation which reads, "If you can reach my heart, you can have it." While it may communicate a completely submissive attitude, the realities are that the consequences of success make the challenge unattractive—and its flippancy also throws into question the bottom's willingness to extend the duration of his commitment to be his lover's lover.

Another Valentine's Day custom is gift-giving. There are a number of gifts which may be considered appropriate for the occasion. A bottom may find a whip he feels is just enough more wicked than any in his lover's collection, and make a gift of it to him. A top may symbolically play cupid by arranging a tit piercing for his lover. These particular gifts communicate such satisfaction with what has transpired that even more is being taken/given. They may even be used to communicate the removal of a previously imposed limit—a tangible expansion of the level of trust from bottom to top, and a demonstrated hunger to push beyond prior limits from top to bottom.

So while some lovers may sit across a candlelit table from one another making promises of undying love, leathermen into SM, as their celebration of Valentine's Day, will more likely be keeping the promises that make for an ever-expanding physical, mental and emotional relationship. Say it—and Mean it.

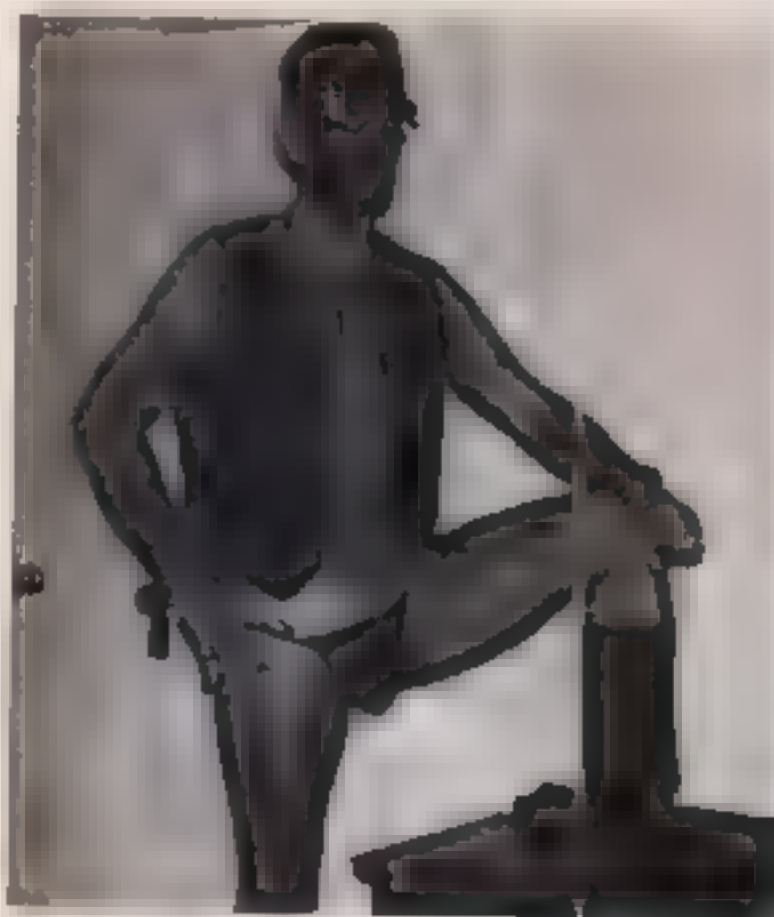
Illustration: Harry Bush

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Appreciates responsible local leathermen (but not phone sex) If you're honest about yourself, see "Down to Earth Leatherman" in Drumbeats under Northern California this issue



GERMAN STUD SERVICE

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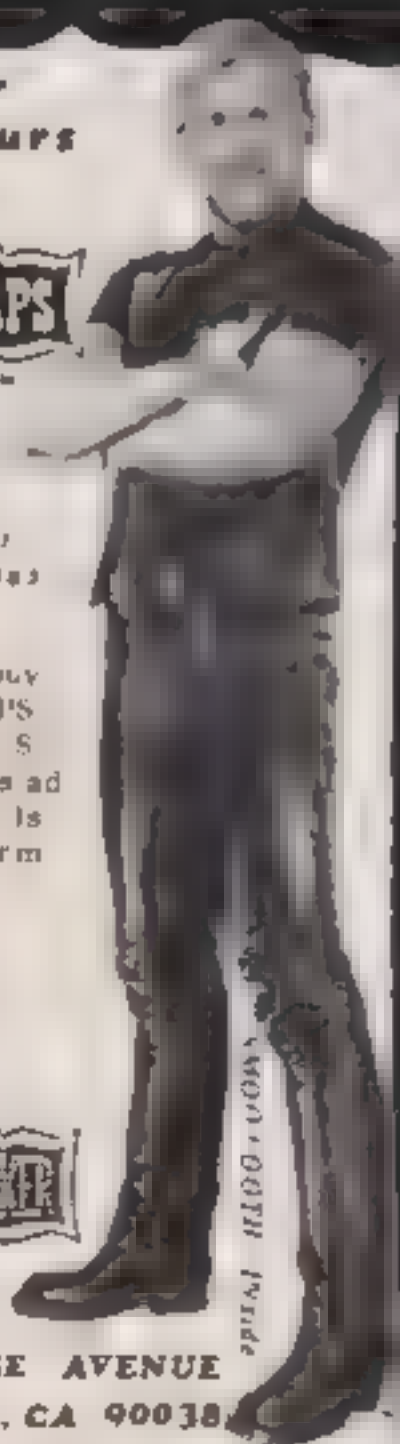
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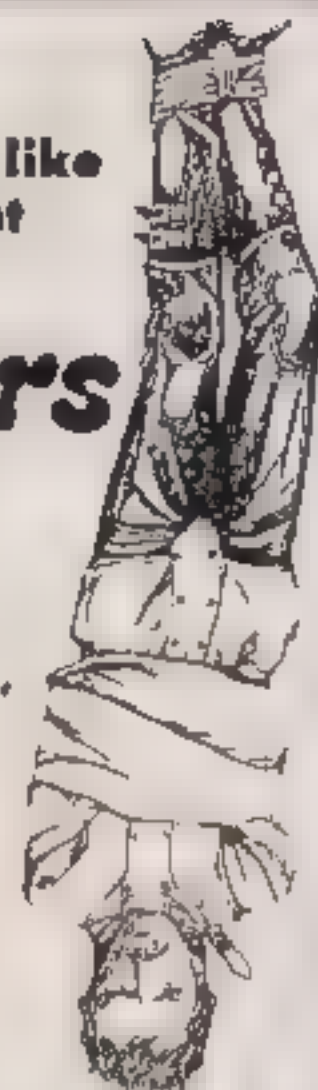
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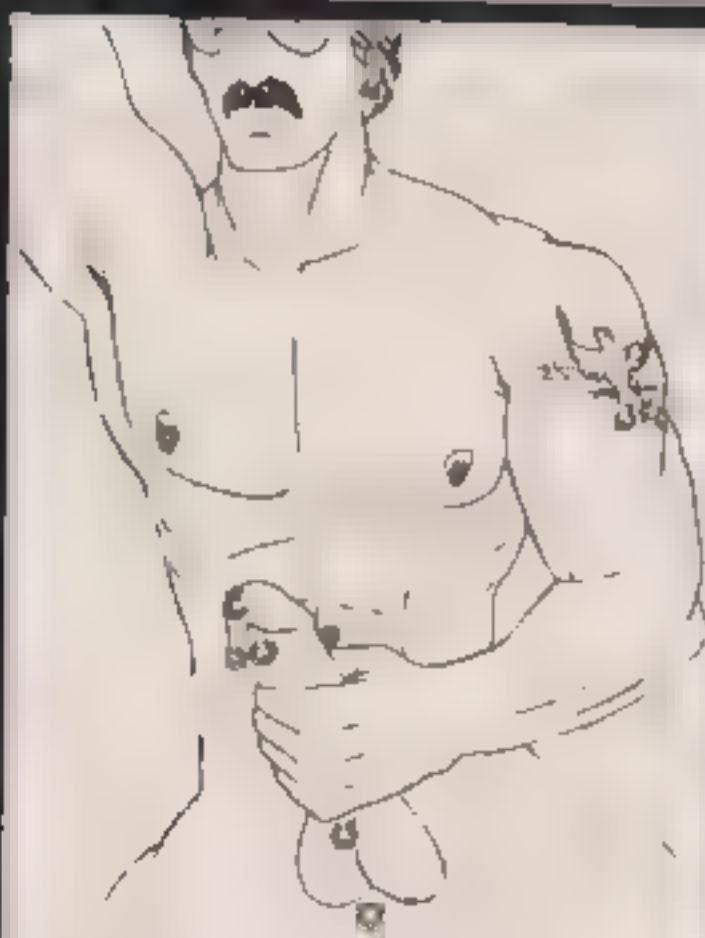
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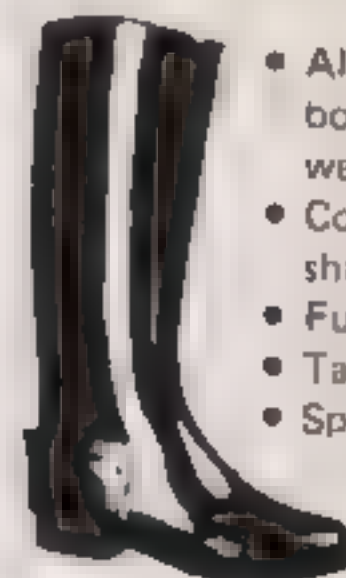
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FORESKIN UPDATE

Dear Mr. Berkely,

Hey man, you can call me Sweet Meat. That's what the gents down at the swimming hole call me. They hoot, "Here comes Sweet Meat" when they see me sauntering their way. They have all tasted my meat in the bushes and agree that my meat is as sweet as ripe corn still standing on the stalk. We are farmers around here and the gents tell me the reason my meat is so sweet-tasting is because it's still wrapped in its husk. Guess most farmboys around here got de-husked at birth. I've tasted their meats and they aren't so sweet-tasting at that! Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against peeled farmboy cobs, but I have often wondered why the gents prefer the taste I've got. Hey, Mr. Berkeley, what do you big city dudes think about sweet meat?

Dear Sweet Meat,

Hey man, you can call me Drooling. However, some big city dudes prefer raunchy meat to sweet meat...and the sourer the better! In any case, your country gents are right. An uncircumcised penis (still in its husk) has all the natural tastes and aromas Nature meant for the male organ. Freshly produced smegma (the result of secretions from the glans-corona) trapped inside the foreskin lubricates and sweetens all the delicate, sensitive tissue in there. Yes, it is a sweet, lusty taste and aroma (Nature's male aphrodisiac) and it smells fresh when it is fresh. Sweet Meat, I'll bet you swab out your husk regularly because if you didn't those country gentlemen would have a different name for you... "Here comes Liederkranz!"

Dear Bud,

I am a slender, circumcised blond in my early twenties. The two features I like most in Drummer are "Drummer Daddies" and "Foreskin Update." I am hooked on gusto older men with hairy chests and strong legs between which swings a long, thick, heavily veined foreskin completely covering a real man's cock.

I met such a man. His was the first foreskin I've had the privilege of inspecting. He noticed me staring at his loosely draped skin after we stripped. "Ever handled unclipped dick?" he asked. Mesmerized, I slowly shook my head. He instructed me with a deep, firm but gentle

voice to pick up his magnificent penis with his manhood in one hand and with the other hand to "finger" his folded foreskin tip.

My cock was bouncing against my stomach but his just relaxed in my hand. Start retracting that skin, kid, real slow," he commanded. I could feel the first quiver in his cock as I began to push. He kept instructing "Push it back a little more now"—"More, real slow"—"Keep pushing, kid." You can't believe how excited I was when his hidden cockhead began to peek through. Slowly I unveiled the most perfectly shaped glans I had ever seen; it pulsed red-dish colors at me. "Keep pushing it," he panted, and I continued to shove that skin down a wide, hard rod until it seemed to disappear or blend into the cock. I just sat there staring, not knowing what to do next.

He knew. He took me into his massive arms, held me tight against his hairy chest and whispered, "Keep in mind what you just witnessed." He turned me around and laid me on the bed. Boy, I felt every inch of that foreskin as it slid over his cock inside me and in my mind I could see that the cockhead going in and out of the skin. What a beautiful sight! Well, to be honest, I've never made it with an uncut guy my own age, so I have no way to compare performances...but I'll take it from an older uncut man any day. Just thought you'd like to know.

Dear Mesmerized,

Thanks for the hot testimonial. Here's another one...

Dear Bud,

I had the wildest foreskin sex recently. Afterwards, the guy slumped into a naturally comfortable soft cock of still ponderable length. Lying on my back, I began to experience something I had never known before; he was stretching his foreskin over my nose. There I lay, no doubt cross-eyed, not wanting to miss a move of what was again arousing me in a very deep, inner-self feeling of sexuality. His cock was right at my nostrils, my nose completely covered with the foreskin. I was breathing through my opened mouth when all of a sudden coming down my throat was a warm gush of recycled beer, of piss entering my nostrils. I could only talk to him with my eyes, which I did as he asked me whether or not I liked it. I didn't want it to end. Not a drop, not one was

lost. It was perfect! What an experience!

Dear Nose,

What a way to go! Amazing. Every day I receive new testimonials from the man-plus community illustrating the versatility of foreskins. Keep 'em coming.

Dear Mr. Berkeley,

My new lover wants me to get circumcised. He doesn't like the looks of uncut cocks. I have a sentimental/ideological attachment to my foreskin and don't want to lose it forever. However, I am so much in love that I am going to have it cut off my cock. What I need to know from you is whether it is possible to preserve my foreskin in the freezer and have it re-attached at a later date...just in case this love affair peters out?

Dear Freezer,

FORGET IT! It's either your new lover or your foreskin! I don't mean to take your question lightly, because I know what you are facing. So many of our fellow gay uncuts have been in your situation. Thank God we are beginning to fight back! I realize you didn't ask my advice about getting circumcised, but what you did ask is impossible. Sure, you can preserve your foreskin in the freezer, but after they cut it off it will no longer be a whole organ usable for reattachment. Most methods of adult circumcision start with a dorsal slit which cuts the foreskin into two pieces. They will cut off mostly the outer skin of your prepuce, leaving some of the inner lining on your cock where it will be sewn back onto your denuded shaft. Sorry! Of course, since you have a sentimental attachment to your foreskin, you might keep it as a family keepsake or a conversation piece. There are several ways of preserving it, if your circumciser will give it back to you (see next letter).

Again, Freeze, FORGET IT! Don't get circumcised. As you might have read in my previous articles, I am not totally against adult circumcision (nix on neonatal, though). If a fellow has raging circumcision fantasies which have become a part of his sexuality, and the very word "circumcision" gives him an erection, I'd say go for it. I receive many letters from such men, and if they convince me, I'll put them in touch with a group of like-minded pre- and post-circumcisees.



Photo by Jim Wigen

However, please believe me—I have received many letters from men who got circumcised only to please a lover and the results are almost always DISASTROUS . . . both on the penis and the relationship. Hell, you are in love with this fellow despite his circumcised cock, why can't he love you despite your foreskin?

Dear Bud,

My lover got circumcised just before I met him. He asked his doctor to give him his foreskin in a bottle of formaldehyde. The doctor refused. Can you imagine refusing to give a person a part of his body? I'll bet the doctor sold the skin for profit. Is that a feasible assumption?

Dear Lover,

Yes, it could be feasible. What happens to carved-off foreskins? THAT is a taboo subject if ever there was one . . . so let's discuss it. Actually, foreskins are currently being used in the manufacture of the drug Interferon. They were used in the development of the Salk vaccine. Freshly severed prepuces give medical researchers the opportunity of using healthy human cells. What other part of the body gets chopped off while it is still healthy? Don't panic, uncut readers, I have been assured by reliable medical sources that one little foreskin goes a long way . . . I doubt whether we will ever have "foreskin banks" to fill urgent needs, etc., especially since American hospitals continue providing such a bountiful supply. Did your lover's doctor sell his foreskin? I doubt it (I believe some states have laws against possession of body parts . . . this conversation is getting macabre!); as for hospitals, have you ever known one to give anything away for free?

Diving into this awful subject a little further, we must realize that ancient circumcision rites usually included elaborate, ritualistic disposal of foreskins. Foreskins have been tanned into leather, worn as amulets, sucked on, given special burials, burned at the altar, etc. Sometimes they have been dumped. In more recent times, we have read about cases of circumcision fetish among medics, etc. Well, grapevine rumor has it that a huge cache of bottled foreskins exists, with collections labeled "WWII," "Korea," "Vietnam," and so on. Another historical collection is said to be hidden in Egypt, dating back to the Sahara theatre of WWII . . . supposedly supplied by both Axis and Allied POWs. Personally, the only tangible evidence I have ever seen of any such collection was that ad that appeared in New York's Village Other claiming that a retired Navy doctor had bottles of foreskins for sale.

Closer to home, I recently received a letter from a reader saying that his friend got circumcised, tanned his foreskin into an amazingly large sheet of leather and inscribed it with Egyptian cartouches. He called it his "Sacred Carving." As I was saying, foreskins are so versatile!

Dear Bud,

Before I read your articles on foreskin stretching, I had a one inch overhang. Now I've got two inches. I really enjoy experimenting with my longer foreskin and so do my friends. It doesn't seem to get any longer than two inches though, and I stretch it every day. How long do foreskins get?

Dear Longer Skin,

I've seen some three to four inchers, but they are rare. Two inches seems to be the limit for most foreskin overhangs. Consider yourself lucky with your two inches, many uncut men have short foreskins which don't normally overhang, and for them stretching to a half-inch overhang is an accomplishment. Any overhang at all (during erection) will nicely accommodate probing tongues, teeth, fingers, etc. Keep stretching though, my friend, or else your overhang will shrink back to its nice little inch.

Come to think of it, I do recall a photo of an Indian Yogi who had a good six inch overhang. The Hindus of India have the longest foreskins on the planet, according to anthropologists. Higher caste Hindus believe that a diminutive penis with a long, tapered prepuce is the mark of a prince (as did the ancient Greeks). Lower caste Hindus favor cattle cocks with foreskin overhangs that drag on the ground. I once observed a photo of an Indian fakir dragging a boulder through the streets of Calcutta by a rope tied to his foreskin. Any uncut yoga enthusiasts out there?

Sir!

I am usually an M until I get a foreskin in my grip, and then I turn S. I have been fortunate enough to use surgical sutures on a half-dozen foreskins. My best job was the third time. This guy was not gay, but I had surgically intubated one of his friends and he wanted to have the same experience. I ushered him into the bedroom and ordered him to strip. I told him I had some Lidocaine which would deaden the area I was about to sew shut, but he said he would rather do without it. He lay down on the bed and I prepped him . . . shaving off his pubic hair. Being a nut on sterile procedures, I carefully cleansed out his foreskin with Betadine and used fenestrated sterile drape. I chose a 4-0 nylon suture with an FS-2 cutting needle and had only two instruments laid out, a toothed addison (like tweezers with teeth to grasp onto tissue) and a compo. As I grasped the tip of his foreskin with the toothed addison he let out a yell, and I quickly informed him that this would indeed not do and again offered to use some local anesthetic. He refused it once again. As I went back to business he shifted when I approached with the suture.

At this point I told him he had a choice—either go now and forget the whole thing or be restrained and gagged. He chose the latter. I used nylon ropes

and tied him face-up on the bed. Again I offered Lidocaine, but he refused it. I put in six sutures and left them fairly loose so he could urinate around them and left a corner open enough to get in a Q-Tip for cleaning—and then gave him a 5cc syringe and told him to insert clean soapy water and rinse out his locked-in glans at least twice a day. I have no idea how long he remained intubated as I never saw him again.

Several men have returned to request that I perform circumcisions on them, but so far I have refused. If you have any readers who want my services, please send them my way.

Dear Toothed Addison,

Well, you have certainly convinced me that you know what you are doing. And being a nut for sterile procedures is a plus too! One of the biggest complaints I hear from uncut SM enthusiasts is that most American top men have no idea how to treat (or mistreat) foreskins, and having one's foreskin sewn shut is a favorite uncut fantasy. Intubation was common practice in ancient Rome, where elaborate intubation gadgets were developed. Your sutures sound adequate to me and I'll probably have a line-up of readers wanting your services. And, while they are in an M situation, some of them will probably request the ultimate . . . a far-out clip job. So, you cool-headed nut for sterile procedures, be prepared! By the way, any more qualified top men out there?

Dear Mr. Berkeley Sir,

I appreciate your Drummer writings very much. They sure took me through a rough period with my foreskin. When I joined the Navy I couldn't keep my dick from getting hard. I thought it was because the tight uniform caused my skin to slide back and the rubbing irritated my exposed cockhead. I was ready to request a circumcision. It was only your Drummer article that made me think twice about it. Then I realized my stiff dick was caused by all the Navy cocks I was seeing in the showers and the barracks. I finally got used to them and now have better control of my hard-ons. Now I am glad I saved my foreskin, because circumcised sailors can't beat off in their bunks without messing things up. I beat off in my bunk, and when I'm ready to go over the top I pinch my foreskin closed and keep all the juice locked up inside, and my bunk stays clean for inspection.

Dear Pinch,

Thanks for the good news! I am always happy to save a Navy skin. And readers, as I was saying, foreskins are so versatile.

NOTE TO BLIND MEAT: Thanks for the photo, pal. It's a classic! No wonder they're hungry for it! We would like to share it with our readers, but we can't reprint polaroids. Know anyone with a good camera?

□

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